

Light of Truth.

An Exponent of the New Philosophy of Life, Here and Hereafter.

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A Story Beginning at Marriage.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

CHAPTER I.

Drifting, drifting, drifting,
Into unknown shadows; into night.
Hopes as bright as the jeweled bow of the heavens
Grow grey, and blasted sink in the surge.
The dream of friendship perish with their day,
While we by the unfathomable, mysterious current—
Out of night dawning, into night going—
Sweep onward, past the old headlands,
From the harbor bar sinking in mist,
Into the unknown.

Poet and artist since the world bloomed in its early prime have described with unwearied assiduity the beauties of spring. Each individual inspired by the genial air has caught an aspect of nature which to him has seemed before unknown, and with brush or pen sought to convey his impressions to others. Yet the kaleidoscopic changes refuse to be transferred, and each coming generation finds the wonderful world as fresh and new as on creation's morn.

As every observer sees a different rainbow, while to all it is an illusion, so nature has a different aspect to every observer. She is a fond, yet arbitrary mother, and few, indeed, of her children are allowed to reach their full possibilities. Her Arctic zone is a frozen world, without seasons. Its summer day has scarcely length to awaken the white bear, or allow the stolid Esquimaux to supply himself with food, before the low sun sinks behind the spectral icebergs, and the crushed flocs congeal, and dwarfed man, hopelessly, helplessly animal, is crushed by the cold, for cold is death. Her torrid zone abounds with heat and life. In the blazing, glaring light vegetation takes possession of the earth. There is food everywhere, life has ascendancy over spirit, and man is dwarfed by abundance.

Sky of purple, palms spreading their coronals of plumes, gaudy birds, and silky vested animals, life without effort, length of days without purpose, oh, tropic world of wonders as to nothing to the ever-changing vicissitudes of the temperate zone. Up and down its broad fields summer and winter chase each other; and spring, their child, and sober autumn, complete a cycle which stimulates and never wearies.

Spring, most beautiful of seasons, promising everything, with nothing completed; buds and flowers the prophecies of fruit. The dead earth is resurrected to life. The forest elms, dash in emerald, and the maple, most delicate of trees, blooms in crimson; the oak is brown in the greenness of age, and all the forest is robed, ere the persuasion of the days, replete with smiles and tears, quickens the blood of the walnut. The orchard is festooned with blossoms, as though in the sunny world a snow storm had lingered and loaded the branches.

That spring morning Mark and Mary Leland walked under the arching branches. They walked and talked in the spring time of their love. The redolent breeze in soft breaths floated the apple blossoms, which fell like snow flakes around them. The red-bird called his mate in the odoriferous bowers, while robin and bobolink entangled in the notes of their song, flattered and sang with the sweetness of despair. Beautiful world for two young hearts. A new world for hearts that are new. Blossoms under foot, blossoms overhead, full of song and of love, and above a soft sky of liquid amber with purple clouds.

Here my story commences—at the point where stories usually end. It is the custom to drop the curtain at the altar. The poets sing in burning words of love; love requited and love blighted. The novelist weaves the intricate web of plot and counterplot, but when the object is gained, the song of one abruptly closes, and the other let fall the curtain, grim and prosaic as the advertising scene of a second-class theatre.

What means the popular style of treating marriage? Is it the opiate for poetry? The cup Lethean for idealism? If the curtain falls at the altar they who stand there ring it down. Theirs is the responsibility, and alas! they pay the immeasurable penalty.

Our story begins after the wedding, but the curious reader may wish to know what preceded and led to that event. It is the plain duty of the writer to give this information before going further, for beyond this point such knowledge would be out of place and a stumbling block to the critic, and the writer confesses to a fear of the latter, who never writes anything valuable themselves, but are ready to tell others how they should write. It was the result of a poem, a waif, floating in the great literary sea, and at last meeting the eye of Mark Leland. It was so exquisite in finish, and breathed such a delicate fragrance of feeling, his heart was touched, and when he came to the end he mused:

"By Mary Malcolm! I would I were acquainted with her. Bright and beautiful must she be to write in such exquisite measure."

At this moment Will Alden entered. He was a strange and grotesque specimen of a village youth. His hair and eyes were jetty black, his face thin, his nose set out to be Roman, but was too much flattened at the end, and his severe outlines were not concealed by a beard, which had a scattered and exceedingly discouraged appearance. He was a worshipper at the shrines of Shakespeare and Byron. The only expression observable on his face was a cynical smile, which was accompanied by a hard, mechanical laugh. He had a strong conviction that he was a born poet, and that time would bring his genius to light, and the world place the humble admirer of the great poets by their side.

Mark and he had been associates from childhood. Their friendship was founded on their unlikeness, rather than similarity, for it would be difficult to find two individuals more dissimilar. As he entered he uttered a low suppressed laugh, as he said:

"Turned poet? Ha! ha! as I always told you, poetry contains all that is worth knowing; but do not waste your time on newspapers, boy; read Shakespeare, and learn what true poetry is."

"I wish you to read this, Will," replied Victor, handing him the paper.

"Oh, I have seen that; a dowdy-dowdy girl wrote it. Her head is full of nonsense, probably in a boarding school."

"Hold! I say it is charming; exquisitely so. The severest critics would pronounce it faultless."

"Fate, why look at the first line."
"Well, it is the matter with that?"
"It implies the next ends with the string-bait. The third line measures all right, but look you, 'I am dreaming sweet dreams of the future,' how can one dream of the future? Evidently she was not dreaming at all. Just as wide awake as you or I."

"That will do, Will, such criticism is worthy of a penny-a-liner, not you."

"There you go, off like a comet! If you will allow me to compare by quoting Shakespeare, I'll—"

"I do not wish such a comparison."

"You are in love with the writer."

"No; but I wish you to treat her with justice."

"When do you expect to be married?"

"That will do; I am not in a mood to be bantered. Can not I admire an author's verse without being in love?"

"Certainly; but you are beside yourself. You were born, I verily believe, in the full of the moon and given to fantasy. Did I not hear you say the author must be beautiful?"

"Well!"

"Well, the next move, you'll go off in search of her."

"Nonsense!"

"Yes, nonsense; but very romantic. I had such an event once in my uneventful life. Saw a sonnet in a magazine on Shakespeare, by Miss Lettie Linny. It was good, and I said to myself, 'there sighs a kindred soul.' I pictured her as radiant, with red cheeks, soft, sunny curls, blue eyes, and manners gentle and soft as the breath of spring. We corresponded and finally I made a trip of two hundred miles to visit her. Shades of the bard of Avon! I met an old maid of forty-two summers? With a broomstick, ten yards of calico, ribbons, bangs, curls, *et cetera*. I could make a more preferable woman. Her face was wrinkled as the end of a money purse; her eyes were like beads, and her forehead was high because the frizzes did not conceal her baldness."

"What!" cried I, aghast at the phantom, "What! is this Miss Lettie Linny?"

"Oh, William! my dear William! You have come at last!" she cried, grasping my hand with her bony fingers, and nearly fainted in my arms.

"I rushed from her presence and confess to the narrowest escape in my life. Now, that is the way it will be with you, depend on my word. This girl is just from school, or is an old maid who can not forget that she was a girl."

"Do you not believe that we have the power to recognize kindred souls?"

"Well, I once thought I had, but my experience taught me a lesson. I rather think I have not."

"I do. If you or forty like you are deceived, that is nothing to me. I live for myself. Now it is evident that man and woman are counterparts of each other, and that their mutual happiness depends on the union of the right individuals. The senses often mislead, and how else can we gain this vital knowledge except by this interior perception?"

"All I have to say is, that few marriages indicate the possession of such perception."

"No, for even when perceived such perception is not followed. Every other consideration, wealth, position, and association have prior claims."

"Ah, you would receive the old idea of two halves, wandering around the world perfectly miserable if not united and perfectly happy if the union be consummated! A most ridiculous bit of nonsense!"

"I regard it as a remarkable poetic conception, and that it probably was at first. Husband and wife ought to be like two halves united."

"Well this perception may be all well enough, but give me good common sense!"

"Which may be led entirely astray by the chicanery of courtship."

"There you are getting out of the region of poetry! I have often thought when a young gentleman and young lady for a year or more play at the game of making themselves appear to each other in a character not their own, and after marriage drop their masks and each finds they have married an entire stranger whether such a marriage is really legal!"

"Legal, however deplorable, and more deplorable yours is not a hypothetical case."

"I should say not! The exception will be difficult to find."

"I do not wish to discuss further with you," replied Victor, irritated by the cynical manner of his companion.

"I will leave you then, but I warn you not to marry a stray moonbeam, however strongly you may be urged to do so by your 'perception,' saying which, with a low laugh, he passed out."

"It would be impossible," mused Mark, "for this song to be warbled by other than pure lips, from a heart unsullied by guile. I am inclined to write and thank the author for the pleasure I have enjoyed by its perusal."

Out of the correspondence thus began, grew a friendship, and something more, until at the end of six months he stood on the platform of the depot, at Midfield, the home of Mary Malcolm. He paused as he entered the waiting-room and glanced rapidly over the bustling crowd. A lady approached, and, with exquisite grace, held out her hand, saying in a low voice:

"I believe this is my friend, Mark Leland?"

Her usually pale face was tinged with a soft hue, given by her embarrassment. Her eyes were blue with arching brows, above which clustered brown hair, and her red lips seemed made to smile.

"Miss Malcolm! I doubted if I should recognize you, but it was an uncalculated doubt."

Mutually their hands met in cordial clasp. She with a woman's quick intuition felt that her confidence had not been misplaced. There was no embarrassment, for it seemed to them that they had known each other from childhood. She conducted him to the carriage where her father and little sister were waiting.

Mr. Malcolm was perhaps fifty years of age, but a series of misfortunes, last of which was a painful disease, made him appear much older. Bessie, the sister, was a child of fourteen years, with blue eyes, sunny hair, pale, ethereal, and could be likened to the innocent flower, which spreads its delicate petals on mossy banks in earliest spring. It was a delightful drive to the residence of Mr. Malcolm. The October sun was low in the West, flooding the landscape with a golden haze which subdued the gaudy red and yellow of the forest. Not a breeze stirred the leaves, and nature seemed sinking to dreamy rest. It was a glorious landscape, yet it furnished not a single object on which he could make an observation, or suggested an idea he considered worthy of her whom he above all things sought to please. This love was like a revelation, like a purifying flood, and gave him a devotion to its object such as the worshipper feels for the holy shrine before which he bows.

(To be continued.)

THE LAW OF PERIODICITY.

FRED. L. H. WILLIS.

No close observer of nature can fail to perceive that events seem often to assume a sort of routine as if conditions traveled through cycles, tending to bring again and again a recurrence of similar events.

Science has as yet measured but few of these "times," these "returning seasons," but it has noted their recurrence. For example, certain epidemics prevail at intervals of years. Great national events follow in cycles, proving that there must be some law that operates to produce their periodicity.

The astrologer will tell us that all these changes are brought about by planetary influence, by the eternal and immutable laws that make positive and perfect the movements of the heavenly bodies. That the great orbital movements of the stars control nations and individuals, and determine their history; and he proposes to map out by the configuration of the stars the order of events.

It is undeniable that very remarkable results follow the reckonings of the astrologer. The accuracy with which the star-interpreter will give the individual characteristics and the leading events in the past history of his patron by the planetary aspects, has been in my own experience simply marvelous. It can not be wholly chance that enables him to thus accurately read character and interpret events. There must be some law governing his science. He has at least got hold of one link in the chain of divine order, and from that he interprets or calculates the other links.

Prophecy, believed by the Church to have been a miraculous gift bestowed only upon past ages, is demonstrated by Spiritualism to be simply the sympathetic recognition of the divine law, and, therefore, perpetual. Events do not come by chance. A grand power moves even the slightest thread in the warp and woof of human destiny. In certain conditions the human mind can come into sympathetic relation with the cause of things, and see the events that must inevitably follow the working of those causes. It does not reason about these events or calculate them from the intellect; it simply reads them as pictures on the great panorama of the future.

We know that seasons return under the control of laws that govern the motions of the earth, which laws are understood; and so it is with many meteorological changes. It is quite generally believed that the earth in its passage through its orbit comes into relation with certain forces that produce invariably their effects. The periodicity of meteoric showers is relied upon with certainty, also the return of certain seasons of cold or heat; but we are as yet greatly in the dark as to the direct cause of these periodic changes.

Perhaps if we were a little less wise we should know more. That is, if our men of science would consent to come down from their stilts now and then, and would be willing to sit at the feet of inspiration, and seek there the definition of laws, we should soon have a positive philosophy and a spiritual science.

The earth is moving with majestic strides through its great cycle of progress, and we are nearing year by year the grand prophetic period when the light of truth shall break over the nations with an effulgence of glory that shall scatter forever the shadows of ignorance, superstition, and error. The cycle of years is almost completed at whose termination shall come a more glorious revelation of divine things than the world has hitherto known, because earth's atmosphere is becoming daily more and more spiritualized through the forces and influences streaming into it so constantly from the spiritual realm, thus bringing about the changed condition necessary for this higher, diviner influx.

A coming golden age, a millennial outpouring of the eternal Christ spirit, or the illumination of the world by the inflow of divine truth is not a dream, but a prophecy. Its fulfillment only awaits conditions, and those conditions the revolving years are rapidly bringing.

We know but little as yet of the majestic influence which arises from our earth, and so we can but inadequately conceive of the effect that other worlds may have upon ours as we come within the sphere of their influence. Neither do we know the conditions in the space through which our earth moves in its passage around the sun. We have as yet no instruments with which to gauge the subtle fluids that interpenetrate the atmosphere that surrounds the earth. We are not to suppose that space without atmosphere is a vacuum free from all elements.

The vital force of electricity and magnetism, the force called odyl, all these are infinite in their reach. We can not limit them to substance or to atmosphere; they reach through the finer elements that compose the space between the planets of our system. Thus even that space man thinks devoid of life may be one vast celestial hall thronged with the spirits of the deathless free.

When we shall have instruments delicate enough to measure the subtle forces and fluids we have named, we shall know more about the changing condition of the world and can better calculate the return of those great cycles or periods of events in the spiritual and moral as well as material world.

NESCIENT RESEARCH.

ALBERT MORTON.

"I know not whether there be, as is alleged, in the upper region of our atmosphere, a permanent westerly current, which carries with it all atoms which rise to that height; but I see, that, when souls reach a certain clearness of perception they will accept a knowledge and motive above selfishness."

Emerson.

In ordinary affairs it is customary to accept the evidence of truthful people as giving, at least, their honest opinions, however mistaken they may be in their conclusions. A chemist announces the discovery that certain chemical combinations invariably produce certain results, or an astronomer announces the discovery of a hitherto unknown star or satellite, and investigators make their experiments, or point their telescopes in the direction indicated without disputing the integrity or ability of the discoverers unless their claims are demonstrated to be false. This is simply justice and is the only honorable course to pursue. How do scientists generally meet the discoveries of the investigators of spiritualistic phenomena? With denial without investigation, and frequently with slurs upon the integrity or intelligence of the advocates of the truth of spirit-communion.

The contemptuous treatment of Prof. Robt Hare, the most eminent chemist of his time in our country, by the Association for the Advancement of Science in its refusal to investigate the strictly scientific manner in which he proved the truth of spirit communion (which evidence seems to have escaped the notice of the Psychic Researchers); of Governor Tallmadge, by his former associates in the U. S. Senate, and the infamous action of the University of Pennsylvania in "converting" \$50,000 from the estate of Henry Seybert, illustrate the honorable methods of some of those so blind they will not see.

The claims of a medium, especially of a "commercial medium" (as those are sometimes called, who, like members of the ministerial, scientific, and legal professions, accept fees for services), are settled out of hand. No good cometh out of Nazareth, in the estimation of scribes, preachers, and scientists, and thus history repeats itself. The scribes, Pharisees, and hypocrites denounced the mediumship of the Son of Mary nineteen hundred years ago: "This man hath a devil." This class of unfortunate messengers of glad tidings are considered outside the pale of common law, and are denounced as guilty before trial.

In the court of pseudo-scientific trial they are denied the privilege demanded by many scientists, i.e., that the demonstration of his claims be produced under the necessary conditions for the production of results desired, and he is to dictate what conditions are necessary. The spirit scientist producing manifestations should be accorded similar privileges, and if they fail to produce manifestations free from any suspicion of fraud, after reasonable trial let them retire and make room for those possessing the requisite knowledge and power. The photographer or electrician may require darkness as a condition necessary for the production of certain manifestations, but the medium—never. In mediumship character is said by some self-styled spiritual scientists to count for nothing; we can conceive of no more successful method to produce liars than to treat others with suspicion and denunciation.

The Delphic oracles were treated with kindness, carefully shielded from all adverse conditions by the heathens, to prepare them to receive and impart the inspiration of their gods. The spiritual oracles are treated in a more scientific manner; their reputations are blasted, indignities heaped upon them; bound with cords, fettered like criminals, treated with as little compassion as were the early Christian martyrs in pagan arenas—these are the conditions imposed upon them to prepare for the demonstration of the grandest truth pertaining to human life, continuous existence beyond the grave. My contempt for such scientific, Seybert Commission methods can well be expressed in Lincoln's way—telling a story. A pompous, conceited man once appealed to my sympathy for the indignity cast upon him at the close of a seance with Charles H. Foster, in San Francisco. After acknowledging the correctness of several tests, sufficient to satisfy any one but an idiot, or a scientist like Brewster, *et al*, he patronizingly said: "Mr. Foster, if you will now produce the materialized spirit of my father I will believe." His dignity was greatly disturbed by the answer of Foster, who coolly said: "I don't care whether you believe or not." The fool was answered according to his folly.

Thirty years ago it was my privilege to have daily interviews with the Davenport brothers, and to defend them in the columns of the secular papers. The condition of the wrists of the boys was such as would excite pity in the hearts of any person except hunters after immortality and patrons of slugging matches, and the crime for which they suffered was the possession of mediumship. After having been tied securely, the door of the cabinet being open, while the committee was examining the knots about the ankles, I have seen a large right arm and hand projected over the left arm of William and give the stooping man a resounding thwack upon his back; this was in the light and within the sight and hearing of a hundred spectators—if there were confederates present the audience must have been hypnotized not to see them. Such manifestations demonstrated the truth of materialization and of a power outside of the human, and equally as convincing demonstrations through these mediums have been witnessed by thousands of people in their own country and abroad. What reception did the manifestations through those boys receive from the Psychic Researchers of that time? Contemptuous sneers and ridicule of the witnesses who dared to attest to facts occurring within their own sight and hearing.

Mesmerism has become a fashionable fad since duly qualified medicos christened it with a new name, and we are, perhaps, on the eve of a new revolution in psychic research, if the committee at the fair commemorating the discovery of America, discovers sufficient evidence to satisfy them that spirit raps proceed from more occult causes than snapping toe-joints, possibly are made by spirits through the knowledge of spirit chemistry, to substantiate which claim stronger evidence exists than that Columbus ever came to America.

There is a reverse side of every shield; that Spiritualism has been, and is, in ill repute among those ignorant of the science and philosophy, is owing as much to the lack of judgment and common sense of credulous believers, who substitute, "Thus saith the spirit," or medium, for reason, as to the misrepresentations of unbelievers. We owe a duty to ourselves, to our mediums, and those unbelievers desirous of the truth. Mediums who respect themselves should demand respectful treatment from investigators, failing which they should decline to meet them; those mediums deficient in self-respect and morality should be discountenanced by all Spiritualists worthy of the honorable title. Spiritualism is no more responsible for the acts of the poor creatures who trifle with the sacred subject, than the government is for the counterfeiters of its coin, or respectable Christians for the antics of Sam Jones, Small & Co. in their Christian (?) hip-podromes.

Let our temple be cleansed of frauds and the immoral teachers be forced to seek other fields for want of support. Turn on the electric light, in which bats and vultures find no resting place, instead of spending our time over Jesuitical spirits and kindred abominations, and use our forces for self-improvement rather than in denunciation of others—straining at gnats and swallowing camels. When we have cleaned our own premises it will be in order for us to direct the attention of the Health Inspector to our neighbors' nuisances; and when we demonstrate in our "daily walk and conversation" that Spiritualism is elevating, we will gain our true position in the esteem of all whose approval is of any value.

Reported for the L. O. T. by

DISCOURSE

THE SPIRIT OF HENRY WARD BEECHER.

With Introductory Remarks by the Usual Controls.

Given through the lips of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond at Lily Dale Camp-meeting, Sunday August 15, '92.

INVOCATION.

Oh, Thou Infinite God, Thou all-wise and loving Parent, Thou eternal and steadfast Friend, Thou giver of every gift, Thou who hast been blessed by law divine and unchanging, that which men call life, and Thou who hast given by law as loving and perfect, that which men misname death, Thou Guide and just Arbitrator of human destiny, before Thy shrine, which is the living spirit, upon Thy altar, which is kindled with fire within every living soul, within Thy temple that is fashioned of humanity, we bend in praise, uplifting our voices in homage unto Thee, not because in storied temples of human praise, in symbols that man has made men praise Thee, nor yet because by sacred stream or beneath the bending trees Thy voice has been heard in every age, but because here and now, within the human spirit, Thou makest Thy living temple, and Thy Voice of All Compassion cryeth out unto the human race that is bending in sorrow and pain, "Come unto the Living Waters of Truth and be healed, come unto the Divine Love and receive comfort, come unto the great loving heart of the Mother, Father God of the universe, and find the potency of Life that is beyond all death." Here with the blue dome of heaven bending above like the divine archway of light, here with those columned trees and pillared clouds symbolizing the fairer temple of the soul, here in the midst of this living green, beside the cool waters that symbolize the Tree of Life and the clear waters of Truth, Thy children bend in praise unto Thee. May every heart learn the meaning of life, may all who are in sorrow learn the triumph over death and may such as have near and dear ones who have passed from the mortal sight, but are living in the resplendent beauty of the spiritual morning, feel their loving presence, their ministering power, their guarding and guiding care. May they know that not one mother whose eyes have been closed in the sweet sleep of death; not one child with sunny hair and laughing eyes who has been borne by the angel of death beyond the human sight; not one brother, sister, or friend whose voice is silent in mortal speech, who does not bend in loving kindness to-day, in sweet and loving benediction reaching those who are here; not one of all that throng of lowly lives who have passed unregretted from earth, but what find in the spirit home that beneath near a welcome and a place, each, according to love a great and all-potent light this day, until every form of death shall be vanquished and the angel of immortal life shall sit enthroned within every human heart. May that which men call death be changed into life immortal and that death which they mistake for life, the death in the senses, the death in passion, hatred, crime, injustice, and warfare be swallowed up in the living victory, within the all-potent Love. Oh, God! unto such as are here on earth in the chains of bondage of earthliness, that are fettered and bound to the senses, whose hearts are full of hatred and scorn, may the angel of Life with the syllables of love upon her lips and the glorious halo of the morning of immortality around her brow, speak to their hungry souls, and may all be uplifted and strengthened in the baptism of this hour by Thy love. Amen.

REMARKS BY THE USUAL CONTROL OF MRS. RICHMOND.

Mr. Chairman and Friends: It is the usual custom of the speaker addressing you to answer for a brief time questions from the audience, but as there is a limit to the time this afternoon, and as there is that pressing which requires utterance, we will not take up the time by answering questions, but will make a brief explanation of that which is to follow. Many people ask, why can we not know what spirits experience in passing through the change called death and when they enter the other life? In answer to that question and by the very urgent wish of the spirit who desires to speak, we give you our usual control of our instrument this afternoon to one who wishes to give his experience in passing from mortal life. He was one well-known in this country. We shall aid him as far as possible in giving utterance to his thought and feeling. Nevertheless, you are not to expect such individuality and personality as will be recognized by those not intimately familiar with him, but the account will be real, it will be the expression of his experience, and he desires to say that it will be a truthful narrative of his own feeling.

We bespeak, therefore, for that which is to follow your earnest attention and consideration, for it will be the statement of a living soul dwelling in the immortal world.

After other singing by the chorus the subject of the discourse will be

EXPERIENCE OF A SPIRIT IN IMMORTAL LIFE.

A change in control was then witnessed, and the spirit said:

Mr. Chairman and Friends: From the confines of that other world that you have not seen, from the land that is called by you the land of the hereafter, I give you greeting.

What is life? you ask. From the human, mortal state people say it is the crowding into a few years of earthly existence immortal possibilities, the doing, well or ill, with the powers that heaven has given. In the presence of the God of the universe and in the testimony of the light and life of two worlds I speak to you to-day of real, actual, and living experiences.

I am the child of two worlds; I was born into the human state with a great inheritance, an inheritance of love, an inheritance somewhat of wisdom, an inheritance of intelligence that amounted almost to a gift, and a heart that was great, and loving, and turbulent, and impulsive, and sometimes imperious. Born with this fair inheritance.

God made me accept the truth I did not always speak. I knew the truth, and here will be my confession a little later on, but I spoke the truth of heavenly love, I spoke the truth of the brotherhood of man as it was given me to know it. I spoke of the great life of our great and wonderful teacher—the Christ of Nazareth, according to my perception. I leave you if you have to pass judgment upon that human life and measure me by the standard of humanity.

From among the humblest of those who throng around this human life to-day from the invisible world, I speak to make confession of the great human weakness that overcame me so that I did not speak all the truth concerning spiritual things. If I had spoken that which I knew as well as many of you know it here to-day, as well as you, my friends, on this platform know it, as well as my sister, sitting there, knows it, then would my place and condition in spirit life not have been shadowed by the conscious humility of acknowledgment that brings me here to-day. I spoke not of the living voice of the spirit in this century and generation to the world.

Olivet was dearer to me, Calvary symbolized my hope of my salvation. The ministration of the angels and spirits unto the mother of Christ were my dream of human redemption, and humanity pervaded by this great heart of infinite love was the ideal unto which at last the world was to be uplifted; but oh, my sisters and brothers, the human curse is upon us all, somewhat of human weakness is our inheritance. Though courageous in some ways I was a coward in others. I do not deny it; you will praise me and say it is not so, but I know my own heart better than you. It is I, speaking through the lips of a delicate woman, who would wish to express to every man and to every woman—but women are braver—never deny your conviction; never screen yourself behind popular favor; speak the truth that you know to-day lest to-morrow you shall not have the opportunity, and the harvest will not be yours.

Across that silent stream of death, near the narrow confines of that river that has variously been defined, that river of matchless life, that river of wonderful death my spirit came. Out of the midst of manhood's struggle, out of the midst of a lifetime of labor and conflict, out of the midst of great praise and great blame, out of the midst of the love of those who praised me and loved me, out of the midst of those whom I tried to aid in being uplifted, out of the midst of imperfections and many a lack, in my manhood I passed unto

the change called death. It was not terrible, it was not fearful, but there was a great wonder that rose up in my spirit as I approached that time. Now will all be fulfilled, shall I realize that dream of the future state, that rare vision of the heavenly home? I shrank just a little in spirit, wondering if, perhaps in the tenets of the theology that I had been reared, I had paid too little attention to the warning side, if, possibly, that scene of horror, that terrible hades might open to my vision, and I in the intellectual reasoning of my manhood had cast it aside, had departed from it—denied its existence in the face of theology, in the face of my teaching, in the face of the Church, in the face of the body of the clergy who form the authority for human belief. But my father had said to me in my younger life "Do not mind authority unless it bears the conviction of truth, read the word of God with the living spirit, my boy, and then you will read it aright." I had tried to do this, I had tried to present this, but there came just at the interval of that change that lay between the mortal reason and the awakening of spiritual perception, the one great and possible doubt: Had I been right in rejecting that which seemed to be the blight of humanity, the horrors of a personal, unending hell? This doubt did not last long.

Every faculty of the mind and spirit was wrought to the fullest tension. He who thinks that death is sleep makes a great and fearful mistake. Death is not a sleep; but it is a vivid, wonderful, and sometimes terrible awakening. It is the awakening of dormant powers, it is the magnifying of powers that seem to be in their full exercise while here; it is every sense quickened until it becomes almost painful. In the change called death, there was not only no lulling to sleep, but there was consciousness of the thought and the agony of those who were near, the heart-beats of the loved ones seemed like loud drums beating into my consciousness, and the pulsing life and thought of being borne away from the mortal form was the great floodtide of immortal consciousness sweeping in upon me. Oh, God! would I be drowned in that flood? Would I go out in this great life into oblivion? It seemed as though in seeking to escape from the mortal form that the spirit would burst, so great was the influx of thought. Every emotion, every thought, every word, every deed of human existence became a palpable, a living reality, and face to face with these thoughts and impulses, and deeds, and living realities of my inner self. I confronted them with awe and almost with terror. Do you doubt this? Then pass, if you can, into the realm of self-examination here. Think of your inner individual life, as you must in anticipation and see what you meet. No matter how good the life, no matter how exalted the impulse, no matter how great the love of God and man you meet that within yourself that almost terrifies you. I am no exception. I am telling you the truth concerning myself.

Then I wondered, will there be anything in this new state that I called heaven; will there be anything that will be comparable to those who are blessed; will they come to meet me; will there be out of the ranks of angels and spirits any loving eyes to shine upon me; any loving hands to greet me? Shall I be thrust out into the immortal world alone? Then as if in answer to this great and overwhelming cry, the one voice above all others nearest and dearest, the most sacred, the one face enshrined in memory, the choicest and most beloved, the one hand that bears blessings when others bear curses, the one love that never fails or fades in the midst of human life, or human disgrace, or human death. That one sainted and blessed image came before me. Oh, my mother! If ever in human life I neglected thy counsel, if I ever forgot the words and prayers whispered in infancy, if thy guidance was ever disobeyed and my rebellious manhood's life ever turned away from thy sweet counsel, if through all the years of human life I have failed to recognize thy angel presence, if I did not know thy bending spirit was near, and if, deviating from thy path, I forgot the beauty of thy lessons, thou didst forgive me in that hour, for thou, my blessed mother, giver of life in human form, through God, came to breathe the first word of recognition in the spiritual state! All seemed clear then. My father's kindly face and benignant smile and wisdom of spirit bending near, brothers passed out in younger life, children of the same household thronged around, and my children.

I had said in my place on earth many times, I know that my loved ones live. I have felt my children's hands upon my cheek, I have heard their pattering footsteps on the stairs, I have felt their kisses upon my eyes and lips and brow, but I had denied that this meant the voices that you are here to testify to this day, and I said in the cowardice of my spirit, I believe in these ministering presences, but that is not Spiritualism. I told a falsehood; partly a falsehood born of conviction and partly a falsehood born of cowardice.

I admit to you this day that I had evidence of the presence of my loved ones through what you called Spiritualism. I admit to you this day that I received, almost in the first beginning of its manifestation convincing proof of its truth. I admitted to my mother then that I had seen her face in visions and received her message through the unconscious instrumentality of a human being, and I asked her forgiveness for denying it, for it rushed over me all of a sudden, in the midst of those congratulations of welcoming friends, in the midst of all the surpassing light that the spirit world revealed. Oh, what have I done? I have helped to close the door of this great immortality to man; I have made it more difficult, I have made it more sorrowful, I have made it more horrible for people to die, and with all the peace of Calvary and Olivet upon my lips, with all the urgency of the gospel and work of the spirit in my heart, I have failed to recognize the fair angel of immortal life placed before me while in the human form.

Have you ever denied your Lord, have you ever been cowardly in expressing the truth as opportunity offered, have you ever refused to recognize an unpopular thought? To think that I should ever refuse to recognize an unpopular thought, I, who could make a thought popular if I had chosen to speak the word, that I, who had spoken for the black man when he was hounded, that I, who had spoken for the oppressed when they were down-trodden; I, with the fear and love of God upon my lip, and the love of man in my heart, had spoken for the priceless inheritance of human freedom for all (though I did not say all I might have said for oppressed humanity), and yet I did not say the one word of life that might have been the hope of many a hungering, starving soul! I have stood beside the casket when the poor mother has bent above the form of her infant child, and with tears of sympathy have ministered such comfort as my office could give and my own heart suggest; but I failed to speak the one other word for which her heart was listening. I failed to say the one other thing that she needed to know for comfort, while I pointed through Christ Jesus to the blessed birth of little children into the kingdom of heaven, did not say to her: "Your arms are not empty, you may know that the spirit is here though your eyes see her not; your heart may be comforted for her kisses fall like dewdrops upon your brow and cheeks, and the hands wander caressingly over your neck, and over the loving breast where she was bosomed." I did not say this; I knew it to be true, but for all the gift and grace of speech, for the light of such truth as was mine, for all that I hoped and prayed for in human exaltation, I would have given at that moment anything for one more year of mortal life to tell the world this truth that I had not recognized. Whether you accept it or not, it seems to me that all the efforts of life were comparatively valueless beside this one

thing that was not accomplished, this one great mission unfulfilled.

I was left to myself in the midst of this contemplation, for there is no spirit appointed to sit in judgment when one enters spirit life. I found this the day of my judgment, that I was there in the midst of the surroundings that I had made, with all the efforts of my life before me, and the unaccomplished things vacant beside me. I found that my judgment seat. I found that through which all must pass either daily or at some supreme moment of life or death.

We all have our judgment days as human life goes on. I remember my first judgment seat. It came to me with the overwhelming consciousness of religious conviction when my young life was thrilled by the knowledge that I had a call to preach the word of God on earth. But there was the judgment seat before me, so did my spirit search to find out my own short-comings, that I then felt the faltering footsteps and the uncertain will, and I said I am not worthy. It came again, in that great and wonderful inspiration that comes to all young lives, when love set its seal upon my young manhood, when my heart was attuned to affection and self-forgetfulness through love for another, then did I again quail this cup of bitterness at this judgment seat; then searching out all the imperfections of my life I said I am not worthy that a good and true and pure life should be so merged in mine that I shall seem to be the stronger one. It came again when through the blessed portals of heavenly light the first child came to our household; with thankful spirit and tearful eyes I sought my judgment seat again and prayed that I might be worthy to guide this immortal spirit through the paths of life into the eternity beyond. It came again and again with each urgent call upon my human affections and divine love, and oh, if I had heeded every call, if the judgment seat had received every conviction from within, then would my life not have yielded what I shall now reveal to you in the spiritual kingdom.

After I had passed through these scenes of self-examination every deed and word, and every thought and impulse of my life in passing judgment there came to me some of those whom I had helped to release from bondage, saying: "We remember the wonderful words you spoke for freedom," and they brought me gifts and offerings of love from the spirit, slaves turned golden in the kingdom of heaven by their sufferings, black men and women and children cleaner and clearer of face than many who had condemned them to bondage, and I received with a conscious pang the praises that they gave me for aiding in their freedom. There came women for whom I had plead, and they thanked me for that which had restored them to life and love and humanity. As all these in turn, one by one, came, I shrank from the praises they lavishly bestowed; shrank from the gifts that they offered, but felt gratefully pleased that they remembered my feeble work for them. A conscious sense of humility and unworthiness came over me.

Then I walked a smooth and seemingly fair pathway. One side was bordered with flowers. I recognized in these as they sprang up before me many of the hopes and aspirations of my life. It seemed like a beautiful garden and the walks were one-half beautiful, but here and there on the other side was a broken stone; here and there was a patch that was uncultivated, and here and there, I fear, there was a thorn or a thistle, or a tree that bore no leaves, no fruitage. I did not need to ask any attendant guide or friend why is this pathway broken; why are these patches not full of verdure and blooming flowers? I knew they were the neglected portion of my life; they were the unfulfilled duties of my existence; they were that which every human spirit meets on entering into the possession of his spiritual kingdom; that I had failed to properly till and cultivate with fair flowers and living fruitage. If my spiritual garden seemed full of imperfections, no one knew better than myself what these things meant, this absence of a perfectly smooth pathway; this absence of a pathway full of flowers and of verdure. But oh, the blossoms that were there, the treasures that I did find, the love that greeted me, the unspeakable sweetness of those heavenly blossoms you can know whose hopes are fulfilled, whose lives are rounded out in perfect love, who have felt the throb of human hearts for the great humanity that is surging all around you.

Then as I passed on in this pathway that I had made into the kingdom of heaven that was my possession, I saw there fair or shadowed, bright or dark with living images of light and love, or clouded and shadowed every hope and aspiration, and love, and truth, and longing of my life. I will not tell you that many places seemed bare and void. I will not pain you by telling you of the retrospect that was mine when I felt that all the treasures were not gathered that I might have gathered, but I will tell you here and now that the one great failing that made this picture less fair, less beautiful, less perfect than it might have been was that many of the pictures had been painted for my own eyes to see, for my own plaudits, for my own approbation. I do not mean the praise of those whom I did not regard or love, but sometimes even the praise of loved ones is an overweening trait. When I held the hearts of many in my keeping I wanted their approbation. God knows now that in the depth of my spiritual consciousness I strove to wipe out in that beautiful spiritual kingdom all that was shadowed, and then the voice of my guide, and teacher, and friend, the voice of my mother said: "Now, my child, you know what it is to work out your own salvation with fear and trembling."

I did not dare to ask for heaven. I did not question of another where hades was to be found, I knew it—it was there in those uncultivated places of my garden; in those shadowed places of my spiritual habitation; in the images and scenes that seemed to melt or fade, according to my changing mood; in all that I saw around me I knew where the kingdom of heaven was to be found, and I knew what hades was. I did not ask—I did not speak the name of the Teacher, the Master, the Christ. None heard me think in all that company of spirits, "I wish I could see the blessed Master and sit at His feet." I knew that He was not there, but I knew equally well that the many paths that I had traversed led to that state that is like unto the Son of Man and the Son of God. I knew that away up there in those shining ranks where faces came out to meet me, of those whom I had not prized sufficiently on earth, away up there among those aisles and pavilions of the vast realm that opened to my consciousness, were the ways that led into the supernal height, and I knew the way by which I should enter there.

Shall I tell you that instead of coming here to-day but to make this confession, I would be where the lowliest mother bends above her children, and asks with tears for the message of comfort concerning the other world? I would be where the poorest and humblest of human lives is working its way to a higher condition in human existence, unknown, unnoticed, uncared for, unpraised. I must work out my own salvation.

It means that not for your praise or your blame am I here to-day. The voice within me that urges me to speak to you is not one that seeks for your approbation, or that will be affected by your blame. It is simply the voice of justice, a voice of common humanity, a voice across this river, that I helped to keep unspanned; the voice beyond the grave that is deep and lone; the voice from that realm that is hidden from your sight.

O, my brothers, sisters, friends, the world that is sorrowing—that is in darkness needs to know that this life is real;

that it is just what human beings make it; I could take back every word I said about heaven, if I could only put in its place this one sentence, "The kingdom of heaven is within you, and is what you make it." I could take back everything I have said if I could only put in its place the one word of immortal life; the glad tidings that come to the lowliest as well as the highest, through the Christ spirit, whether you know it by that name or not.

It is this Christ spirit, this brotherly, sisterly love, this great human heart that needs answer about the living world beyond, and I bring this to you, saying to you, my sister, to you, my brother, whether you have hope in Christ, or whether the Church has sanctioned your hope or not, you, within and without the Church, who stretch out your longing hands, your weary hearts for the word of comfort from the realm unseen, let me tell you that the realm unseen is what you make it, that the life to-day stamps the life of the next step in the unseen world, and that according to the deeds done in the body, and the thoughts that you think while here is the judgment at the time of death.

What will come in the greater beyond I do not know; what you will be I do not declare, but I know that the judgment, through which I have passed from within my own conscience, the enthroned voice of God, that spares not, from within my spirit, has made me know that I shall work to aid, even the least of these in that kingdom, before all places will be beautiful and all portions of my heavenly kingdom fair.

Beloved friends, death is the great revealer, and death is the great unsealer of the eyes and ears and perceptions. If you can die to death while here, it has no longer power over you, for life has unchained your mind, and heart, and spirit from whatever has entangled, and you pass beyond that judgment-seat and enter into the glory of the Lord here, and now, and to-day.

O, my sister (turning to Mrs. Isabella Beecher-Hooker, come to me and say that I who have wronged you am now forgiven; that I who would not speak this one word of truth that you have the courage to speak to-day, say, in the midst of these encircling angels and mortal friends, that you do forgive me, and you (turning to the audience) who have struggled for this truth that I know to be true, forgive me, too.

Mrs. Isabella Beecher-Hooker coming forward and taking Mrs. Richmond's hand, when the spirit of Henry Ward Beecher ceased to control Mrs. Richmond, and took control of his sister, then turning to Mrs. Richmond, said, "I baptize thee in the name of the Father and of his Son Jesus, of Nazareth, my brother, your brother, and of the spirit of everlasting truth, which, here and now, have permitted me to speak through your human lips. My sister, God bless you. Amen."

[Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.]

DO THE NATURAL FACULTIES IMPROVE?

WILLARD J. HULL.

Taking the aggregate of any epoch in the world's civilizations, Locke in his "Conduct of the Understanding" says: "Men, I think, have been much the same for natural endowments in all times."

The capacity for improvement is one thing; the desire and opportunity to improve is another. Upon this fact rests the advance of civilization. And in the pressure of progress moral rules of conduct have no relation with intellectual pursuits. It is the intellectual not the ethical spurs which have brought the achievements of the human race forward to their present place. There has been no systems of moral propounded, which, in its nature, has been superior to the first instinct of man, following upon the evolution of family relations. Therefore when the world is taught to believe that the maxims of the apostolic writers are original it remains for the few scholars who have outgrown their swaddling clothes to teach the teachers that these maxims were purloined from pagan authors. But when we view the intellectual results of progress the improvement is striking and suggestive, but all this is regulated by the prevailing notions or ideas of civilization. Some will rise above these notions, but the great mass never get above a sort of mediocrity which enables them to escape the charge of being fools, and this mediocrity conforms to the standard of wisdom common to the time and generation.

This being the case, Spiritualists need have no uneasiness about the intrusion of a supposed millennium. They will always have plenty to do in the education and spiritualization of humanity. The fact that a few individuals in the Churches have outgrown the moss period of mental evolution only reveals in a clearer light the vast horde of fetich worshippers who will believe any proposition that does not require them to think. Just as soon as they are asked to think they imagine they are abused. They will declare their possessions constitute the sum of knowledge, and that the right to dictate rests with themselves. This constitutes the authority which ignorance pays as a premium upon stupidity.

Voltaire relates that he was at one time in the city of Benares on the banks of the Ganges River in the country of the Brahmans to endeavor to obtain instruction. In company with his correspondent, Omri, a most worthy man, Voltaire says they set out one day to be instructed in the wisdom of the Indians. "They have, it is well known, a sacred language, and they have preserved a book which they call the Sanscrit. This is certainly the most ancient book in all Asia, not excepting the Zend Avesta." On my passing before a fakir who was reading in the book, he suddenly cried out, "O unhappy infidel! thou hast made me lose the number of the vowels I was counting, for which my soul will pass into the body of a hare, instead of going into that of a parrot, as I had reason to flatter myself." I gave him a rupee to comfort him. At some places from thence, being so unfortunate as to sneeze, the noise I made awakened a fakir who was in ecstasy: "Where am I?" said he, "what an horrible fall! I no longer see the end of my nose. The celestial light has disappeared." It may be remarked that when the fakirs would see the celestial light, which is common among them, they turn their eyes to the end of the nose. "If I am the cause," said I to him, "that thou now seest farther than the end of thy nose, here is a rupee to repair the mischief that I have done: resume thy celestial light."

This was a hundred and fifty years ago, and we are told that the race has improved so marvelously that there is no need for millionaire Spiritualists to open their pockets and build a few temples and advance the cause generally, because the Churches and other Christian institutions are about ready to take us all in, and therefore, the outlay will be useless. I am reminded of this great improvement by the account given by the artist friend of a well-known caricaturist, who related that a man came to him recently and asked him to paint a portrait of his father who was dead.

"But, my dear sir," said the artist, "I never saw my father. Have you a photograph of him?"

"No," said the man, "I have not; but you never saw Moses, and yet you have a picture of him on your walls."

This argument was unanswerable, and the artist accepted the order. When the picture was finished the man came to see it, gazed at it with tears in his eyes, and said:

"Dear me, is that father? How he has changed."

The Catholic World, the leading Roman Catholic paper in the United States, says: "We do not hesitate to affirm that in performing our duties as citizens, electors, and public officials, we should always and under all circumstances act simply as Catholics," and "we are opposed to the common school because our church condemns them."

PSYCHIC PHENOMENA.

Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

REMARKABLE SPIRIT MESSAGES.

BY H. L. SUYDAM.

Seeing the name of Mrs. Emma Phelps, of Fon du Lac, Wis., mentioned in a correspondence from Miss Abby Judson, I took the liberty of sending the aforementioned my pamphlet entitled "The Spirit's Work," and No. 14 of a tract, "Oh, Hell, where is thy victory?"

This was on the 14th of September, and on the 19th I received from this excellent medium two communications purporting to come from my friends, who had passed into spirit life. The first is from Rev. John Easter, Methodist, who was killed here in Geneva, N. Y., by an explosion of fireworks on July 4, 1841. He was a brother-in-law of mine by my first wife. The second message is from Rev. Walter Barss, Baptist clergyman, who, while engaged in the good cause of a great awakening work in our Baptist place of worship, became over-zealous on the hell question, was taken down with brain fever and died in April, 1891.

Mr. Barss and I had a considerable discussion upon the subject, for in that house I was brought out in the spring of 1887, and I felt that on the hell question they had made very bitter advancement in the "knowledge of God." Much can be learned in fifty-five years.

I would like to give the history of this case, but it would occupy too much space. Suffice it to say I took Brother Barss down on his ultra doctrine and showed it up in a tract called "Oh, Hell, where is thy victory." This with the "Spirit's Work" will give much light on the subject. The following is a true copy of the communication:

Mr. H. L. Suydam, Dear Sir: After I had read your letter, my daughter said, in my ear, "Mr. Easter is here and has been a long time, Brother Barss is here too." I said, "let them come in." Mr. Easter then said, "I have a few words to say to this friend. Let me congratulate you, my friend, in striking out into a new path and shaking off the shackles that bound your soul. Freedom is what we all need to think for ourselves and use the reason God hath given us. It is not plain to me why you do not receive the full benefit of this grand light that encircles you. Is there a remnant still of that old creed that envelops you in its folds? Drop it all off like an old garment and step forth into this blessed light of true spirituality. Is this the only course for you? If you feel the presence of angels about you, let them come and demonstrate to you this grand truth of spirit-return. This has been very precious to me and I can truly say it has been a lamp to my feet, it has led me beside living waters. I have stood a stranger within the gate and no call came to this old father to come up and partake of this blessed sacrament until your letter came, and then I felt free to ask this privilege of dictating a few words to this friend. It was immediately granted, and I now stand at this portal and claim kinship with one we all love for her fidelity to this cause and legally to these spirits. May you prosper in all your grand efforts for light and truth, is the prayer of one who has passed from death unto life.

JOHN EASTER.

Brother Walter Barss then said: "I must say a few words to this friend while there is an opportunity. Can he not feel I would come to him and testify to this grand truth. It is not only truth, but it is the truth of God, and I am able to live down all false ideas of religion. I only saw all that was not in accordance with the divine will of the father. The scales have fallen from my eyes, I can say with a full heart I thank thee, oh father, for leading me out of darkness into the light. Go forth, my brother, and open up to the children of men this grand truth. The nearer they live up to this pure ideal of spirituality the better prepared will they be to enter this kingdom above. There is no death! We fall asleep to wake on this shore immortal to perfect and to purify our souls for this higher life. This glorious light of Spirituality has come to me and I look back over that barren tract with eyes filled with tears. But thank God for victory. I can now see where I failed to proclaim the whole truth of God.

Yours in spirit-communion,

WALTER BARSS.

These two communications were written down by Mrs. Phelps, her daughter, who had been in the spirit world for several years, whispering the indited communications in her mother's ear.

After a careful study of the two it did not seem to come up to the requirements, although these communications were not called for in any manner. Coming entirely voluntary on their part it did appear to me as they were in possession of the facts, that we all are striving to obtain from our friends that have passed over I did feel impelled to put the question direct; is there or is there not a hell as set forth by the orthodox sects? I at once penned the question, and the following is a copy:

"To Brother Walter Barss: In your communication to me on that 8th prox., you are made to say, 'Can not be (Suydam) feel I would come to him and testify, etc.' I say yes, brother, I would gladly do almost anything to get a direct reply to my question. I am getting material together for another tract, and I wish to ask you one or two questions. In the Baptist meeting-house in this place, on the night of February 11, 1891, while speaking upon the Briggs controversy, you made use of the following expression, 'I believe in the old fashioned hell of retribution.' I want now to ask you if you still hold to that faith; that the soul dying in its sins, will suffer eternal torment in a lake of literal fire to all eternity? Or, have you changed your mind through your present surrounding? Yours in spirit-communion,

H. L. SUYDAM."

Geneva, N. Y., September 23, 1892.

On September 30th I received the following:

Brother Suydam: Your letter received. Father Easter told me you had received my letter and was much gratified, and I would hear from you. Monday he told me I would soon get a letter, and in a few moments it came. Both the friends were here and expressed a wish to write. Neither of these friends had made themselves known until your letter came.

MR. EASTER'S LETTER:

Friend Suydam: You little realize what it is to me, to feel I can open up to you a portion of this infinite home. To me it is perfectly glorious. And when that letter came I felt like exclaiming, "Thanks be to God who giveth victory to those that are open to this grand spiritual influence." And now let me answer to one question (I had asked him in June last, through Mrs. J. E. Allen, of Elmira; if he had ever seen Jesus). First, let me ask you a question: Is it right for me, do you think, to reveal the hidden riches of this kingdom? Yet, when a direct question is asked, I will cheerfully answer. Yes, not only seen him, but gather wisdom and knowledge from the words that fall from his lips. I want you to feel that I have advanced sufficiently to be a recipient of this higher life. I have not always been in this sphere; but can come and go at will. There are different spheres and all adapted to the wants of those that dwell therein. Let me touch upon this old theory so many cling to in this age of the world. I have never seen any place of punishment and yet the evil and unsanctified are in a state of darkness and will remain so until they are willing to obey the only true and living God. Yours in the spirit of truth,

JOHN EASTER.

Rev. Walter Barss then wrote:

Friend and Brother: You little realize the pleasure I experienced in reading your letter, for it gave me a chance to settle that question for ever in your mind. No, emphatically declare; I do not and let this for ever tarry in oblivion. When I made that assertion in your presence but a short time ere I passed the barrier called death, I feel now I must have been in a state of unregeneration or unbelief, but it had been ingrained into my very life, and anything short of this I felt to be rank heresy. You were the teacher, for you used the reason God gave you, while I accepted a blind faith without one particle of love to shelter the poor outcast. You gave me light that began to illumine my soul as it took its flight to this eternal home. I have never seen a place of punishment. But do not mistake me, every sin must be repented of, lived down. Accept the laws that govern this home; therein cleansed and purified ere they are permitted to associate with

the good and pure. Take this hand, my friend, in recognition of this grand truth of spirit-return, not only returning, but ready to extend to the old friends a loving greeting. The last question, no again I have not, there is a mist before my vision. I have not been permitted yet to enter the golden gate of paradise. The laws governing this sphere are not binding; still I propose to remain here until I can divest myself of every particle of disloyalty to the father of spirits. Can not you feel this is right? I am steadily progressing to the plane called the higher life. A loving good-bye.

WALTER BARSS.

After receiving the above I thought this acknowledgment of my course in publishing to the world my views upon the subject of eternal torment had better go forth on its errand of mercy at once. I send it forth on its path of mercy and with the prayer that the infinite father will do right in his good time.

Geneva, N. Y.

Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

SPIRITUALISM IN WASHINGTON, D. C.

HANNAH MCL. WOLFE.

That the world is moving on in directions of liberal thought is evident from the multiplication of associations for the discussion of advanced questions and dissemination of progressive thought, and the boldness and avidity with which the popular mind seizes, and devours intellectual food which even in the not distant past was forbidden fruit. The tree of knowledge is being shaken for the delectation and nourishment of the tens of thousands upon tens of thousands of hungry souls who crowd beneath its spreading branches, and the flaming sword of orthodox prejudice has lost its terrors. Here in Washington we have now two flourishing Spiritualist societies, the younger of which the "Association of Searchers after Spiritual Truth" already outnumber the first society in active membership; the nucleus of a third society in Georgetown, at present holding meetings in a private house; and at least ten regularly organized circles for investigation and development.

The first society has this month on its platform the noted Edgar Emerson. The second society depends upon local talent, of which there is plenty, to fill its rostrum. It does not confine itself to the discussion of Spiritualism in the abstract, but from its platform all subjects relating to moral or physical advancement or pertaining to the common weal may be expounded. Nevertheless Spiritualism itself is never ignored. Local mediums, notably Mrs. Rowland and Mrs. Cowing, at the close of each service give tests, or such other phenomena as may be presented by the influences.

The People's Church, of which Rev. Alex. Kent is pastor, has been the means of extending a wide-spread influence in the direction of advanced thought in regard to economic and industrial questions. Dr. Kent has pronounced and clearly defined views regarding the great issues between capital and labor, the trend of present legislation towards the maintenance of a money oligarchy; and the imminent necessity of such education of the people as will enable them to see in time the power which is in their hands to avert the catastrophe of the collapse of our liberties which must ensue unless some new and better order is instituted and maintained. It is not alone to the people who gather every Sunday to listen to him that he preaches, but his sermons are printed and widely disseminated over the country. Dr. Kent preaches emphatically a seven-days religion, and not a religion for one day in seven. He is also in sympathy with other movements towards liberalism. He has on two or three occasions occupied the platform of the second society, and on a recent Sunday spoke in the Georgetown parlor above alluded to. There is also a movement on the tapis, not yet culminated to have the two organizations join in hiring a hall. The People's Church occupying it in the morning and the Seekers for Spiritual Truth in the evening.

Lately I attended by invitation a complimentary seance given by Mrs. Ross to Mr. and Mrs. Richardson, at whose house she and Mr. Ross were entertained during the G. A. R. encampment, and while looking for winter quarters. There were present but five persons outside the family, two of whom were Col. Van Horn and Mrs. Levy, a well-known and much-respected local medium. The entertainment took very much the character of a social evening, cream and other refreshments being served. But at about half past eight o'clock, Mr. Richardson and his son tacked up a curtain, Mrs. Ross took her seat behind it, one of the mantel gas fixtures was shaded and lowered to the requisite dimness, and led by Mr. Ross, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," was sung. The Richardson's are a most charmingly harmonious family, accustomed to spiritual ways, and used to singing in their own almost daily seances. The conditions could not have been better than they were in this upper chamber dedicated to the near but unseen departed. Very soon the curtain parted and a beautiful presence emerged spreading out her hands as if in benediction, after which for more than an hour with never more than the intermission of a minute or two, spirit after spirit and sometimes two or three at a time manifested in the flesh. Perhaps never were better conditions offered than at this seance. There were several first materializations, all of them very satisfactory to the friends to whom they came, and those who had heretofore materialized were more than usually strong and distinct. Of my own friends, two came across the room to the place where I sat and after greeting me led me to the cabinet, re-entered it to get strength and then went about the circle shaking hands with and speaking to our other friends. As my husband's sister Rosy, who is at all times very strongly individualized, came past the piano she thrilled her fingers across the keys and seemed delighted with this physical exhibit of her presence. Mr. Wolff, too, gave undoubted evidence of his identity. Professor Meyer, the control of Mrs. Levy, was especially strong. I sat so that I had a clear view of him as he stood between me and the light so that his form and features were fully revealed. He spoke at some length in a clear voice, somewhat foreign in accent, and what he uttered showed a free appreciation of the conditions and circumstances governing the occasion. "Black Kettle," who was one of an Indian band more or less with Mr. Wolff for years before his departure, manifested very vigorously. Clad in the insignia of his chieftainship, he came bounding into the centre of the room uttering exclamations of delight, "Much good wigwam, much plenty papoose! No bad Indian come, much good wigwam!" When he entered there was already another spirit conversing with a friend, and before he returned whence he came, two and I think three others manifested. Charles Van Horn, whose announcement of presence is the whistling of a merry tune, delighted his father by coming. But the by far most beautiful incident of the evening was the manifestation of Mr. Richardson's first wife. She gathered the whole family about her including her own two children and the little ones of the second marriage. She expressed her satisfaction and thankfulness for motherhood extended to her son and daughter by the second wife, and her joy that the little ones of the second group were taught to consider her their "spirit mother." The deep joyful religious spirit of the interview was enhanced by her proposal that they should all sing together, and they did sing a hymn, the spirit voice blending clearly and sweetly with the voices of the father, mother, and children. Surely it was good to be there.

Priest Schauer says: "The public schools have produced nothing but a Godless generation." Godlessness with education is better than superstition with ignorance.

Miscellaneous Articles

VICTOR HUGO AND PRIESTLY CONTROL.

The following was written by Victor Hugo in relation to an effort of the priests to get control of education in France:

"Ah, we know you! We know the clerical party; it is an old party. This it is which has found for the truth those two marvelous supporters, ignorance and error. This it is which forbids to science and genius the going beyond the Missal and which wishes to cloister thought in dogmas. Every step which the intelligence of Europe has taken has been in spite of it. Its history is written in the history of human progress, but it is written on the back of the leaf. It is opposed to it all. This it is which caused Prineili to be scourged for having said that the stars would not fall. This it is which put Campanella seven times to torture for saying that the number of worlds was infinite and for having caught a glimpse at the secret of creation. This it is which persecuted Harvey for having proved the circulation of the blood. In the name of Jesus it shut up Galileo. In the name of St. Paul it imprisoned Christopher Columbus. To discover a law of the heavens was an impiety, to find a world was a heresy. This it is which anathematized Pascal in the name of religion. Montaigne, in the name of morality, Moliere in the name of both morality and religion. For a long time the human conscience has revolted against you and now demands of you, 'What is it that you wish of me?' For a long time already you have tried to put a gag upon the human intellect; you wish to be the masters of education, and there is not a poet, not an author, not a thinker, not a philosopher that you accept. All that has been written, found, dreamed, deduced, inspired, imagined invented by genius, the treasure of civilization, the venerable inheritance of generations, the common patrimony of knowledge, you reject. There is a book—a book which is from one end to the other an emanation from above; a book which is for the whole world what the Koran is for Islamism; what Vedas are for India—a book which contains all human wisdom illuminated by all divine wisdom—a book which the veneration of the people call The Book—the Bible! Well your censure has reached even that—unheard of thing! Popes have proscribed the Bible. How astonishing to wise spirits; how overpowering to simple hearts to see the finger of Rome placed upon the book of God! And you claim the liberty of teaching. Stop; be sincere; let us understand the liberty which you claim. It is the liberty of not teaching. You wish us to give you the people to instruct. Very well. Let us see your pupils. Let us see those you produced. What have you done for Italy? What have you done for Spain? For centuries you have kept in your hands, at your discretion, at your school, these two great nations, illustrious among the illustrious. What have you done for them? I shall tell you. Thanks to you, Italy, whose name no man who thinks can any longer pronounce without inexpressible filial emotions—Italy, mother of genius and of nations which has spread over all the universe all the most brilliant marvels of poetry and the arts, Italy—which has taught mankind to read—now knows not how to read! Yes, Italy is of all the States of Europe, that where the smallest number know how to read. Spain, magnificently endowed Spain, which received from the Romans her first civilization; from the Arabs her second civilization; from Providence and in spite of you, a world America—Spain, thanks to you, a yoke of stupor, which is a yoke of degradation and decay; Spain has lost this secret power which it had from the Romans; this genius of art which it had from the Arabs; this world which it had from God, and in exchange for all you have made it lose, it has received from you the Inquisition—the Inquisition, which certain men of the party try to-day to re-establish; which has burned on the funeral pile millions of men; the Inquisition which disinterred the dead to burn them as heretics; which declared the children of heretics infamous and incapable of any public honors, excepting only those who shall have denounced their fathers; the Inquisition, which, while I speak, still holds in the Papal library the manuscripts of Galileo sealed under the Papal signet. These are your masterpieces. This fire which we call Italy you have extinguished. This colossus that we call Spain you have undermined—the one in ashes the other in ruins. This is what you have done for two great nations. What do you wish to do for France? Stop! you have just come from Rome! I congratulate you, you have had fine success there. You came from gagging the Roman people, and now you wish to gag the French people. I understand. This attempt is still more fine, but take care, it is dangerous. France is a lion, and is still alive!"

THE SPIRIT OF ROME.

One of the leading Paris papers publishes an interview with Pope Leo XIII. in which an allusion to Christ's prayer on the cross for his enemies, caused the "successor of St. Peter" to say: "That Christ had bled for every man with no exception, but chiefly for those not believing in Him, they having the greater need. He had left the Church the mission of bringing them all back to truth not by persecution, but by persuasion. All violence against persons was contrary to God's teachings. The words war and religion did not go together." This sounds very Christ-like, but very unlike what we would expect from the head of the Church of Rome. We do not question the sincerity of the aged pontiff, but have to ask ourselves the question whether the spirit of Rome has changed? It is a significant circumstance that the hierarchy has never been opposed to persecution except where it had no power to persecute. When does history tell us of the abolition of the urgency of the "Church?" Pope Leo well remembers the period when the Papal sovereignty was maintained over Rome and the States of the Church, but there was no whisp then from either Pope or Cardinals that religious freedom ought to be permitted in the papal territories. Nor is anything more certain than that, if the conditions that existed forty years ago, were restored, Leo XIII. whatever might be his personal inclinations, would not be permitted to proclaim religious toleration.—*American Citizen*.

CHANGES IN LATITUDE.

A committee appointed by the American Association to secure data with regard to secular and periodical changes in latitude, reported that the investigation could best be made in a method suggested by Prof. S. Newcomb, of observations at three stations somewhere near the same parallel of latitude, but in widely different longitudes; the observations to be extended over a sufficient interval of time to secure the elimination of any effect arising from the recently discovered short-period variations in the latitude. Such a series of observations, followed after an interval of from ten to twenty years by another similar series, would furnish suitable evidence on the subject. It seems advisable also to utilize as far as possible some of the older determinations of latitude at American stations, particularly the Bond-Peirce determination at Cambridge in 1845 and the earlier Coast Survey determinations. New observations are already promised at Cambridge and Washington. The more detailed recommendations of the committee, in harmony with these views, were approved by the association.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

"I frankly confess that the Catholics stand before the country as the enemies of the public schools."—Father Phelan.

Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

PRAYER AND PATIENCE.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

The consolation the mourner receives from the average orthodox sermon is small indeed, especially when the heart of the mother moans for her lost child, is the balm thus furnished rather irritating than healing. Even a Beecher halts and stammers when confronted with the apparent injustice of the death of a child. In one of his sermons, which we quote as being the best the church can give, he says:

"When God takes the babe out of your arms you must not think that that is a problem of itself, and ask yourself: 'What had that child done? Why was it not left with me?' God is acting multitudinously with you, and one event is but one thread in a garment; it is but one step in the economy of God; and it may not only be for the child's good, but for your good in over-measure that affliction is sent to you. It may have come to you through the violation of natural law; but in one way or another that will of God is employed in working out the problem of your sanctification and salvation."

It may be consoling to talk of God taking the babe from the arms of its mother, but if this form of expression is to be taken literally, we repudiate the whole scheme. The ministers talk as though God had taken them in as private counsellors and revealed to them all his plans and purposes. With a mind set in two directions, one in the ways of new thought, and the other lingering in the fog land of old theology, Beecher blunders on the real solution when he says: "It may come to you through a violation of natural law," and then hastily covers it over with the gloss of set phrases about God working in ways multitudinous, "your sanctification and salvation."

The upright man will scorn such narrow views of the Creator or of creation. The salvation of no human soul ever depended on the death of a child. If God wished to turn a human being to purer ways of life he would not attempt it by the means of assassination. Atheism even is preferable to such a Deism.

If nature is ruled by laws never transcended and unalterably fixed and man in past ages striving to become in harmony therewith; failing because ignorant, and thereby suffering pain, then we understand the problem of affliction and know that when we are in accord with these laws we shall not suffer.

Death may not be a hardship to the child, who, removed from the selfishness of earth, may receive a purer life in the spheres, but the plan of human life is for its maturity on earth, garnering all its ripe experience, and early death thwarts this design and does injustice, if ordered by a being who could will otherwise.

Man has suffered for thousands of years under the influence of the pernicious idea that God was working in hidden and mysterious ways, and let the drift be where it would, all was for the best.

We are told not to judge God by "single things," but shall we judge him by "multitudinous?" Shall we judge him at all? How can we, as finite beings, judge the infinite?

WITCHCRAFT AND THE OCCULT.

On December 4, 1884, Pope Innocent VIII. issued a Bull in which he wrote: "We have to our great sorrow learned that in some places in Germany, there are people who, forgetting their own salvation, leave the Catholic faith and make compacts with the evil spirits and hurt man by witchery, spoil the fruits of the field, and commit many crimes." That this heretical disorder shall not spread its poison to the home of the innocent, the Pope, in virtue of his "apostolic office," appoints two judges for such cases, James Springer and Henry Kramer, that "they may punish, without regard to social position, anyone found guilty of such things." These heresy judges were hated. Even some of the bishops opposed their appointment, because they limited their jurisdiction. Emperor Maximilian recognized the Pope's command, and exhorted his Ministers to support the Inquisition. Shortly after was published the famous "Malleus Maleficarum" ("Witch Hammer"), a sort of witch dogmatics. It is divided into three parts. The first treats of human witchcraft and compacts with the devil; the second of the effects of witchcraft and sorcery and the means of protection against them; the third, the most comprehensive, of conducting witchcraft and the punishments for all kinds of sorcerers. But this book is not the only source of information we have regarding witchcraft, for before its time witches had been burned in France. For three centuries Europe was plagued with witch trials; even India, Mexico, Peru, etc., suffered, and Protestants imitated the Catholics. One of Germany's famous learned men has said: "It is an endless drama of misery, despair, and sufferings without end on one side, and superstition, insanity, and barbarism on the other; something entirely without parallel in history." And so it is, for the human mind has never invented anything more atrocious and senseless than the legal procedure at witch trials; never has the Church more shamefully abused the arm of justice; never has war brought such absolute misery as the inquisitions in the examination and torture of their victims; never before or since have the learned popes, emperors, princes, cities, Catholics, and Protestants been lost in such superstitions as those which surrounded sorcery trials. Many hundred thousands of people were sacrificed to that Moloch.

In England special persons were appointed to hunt up witches; even in the middle of the seventeenth century they went from town to town, often invited by the magistrates, and made a profitable business of it; for who dared deny or who could disprove their assertions? Hundreds of unfortunate women were sent to the scaffold. In Scotland such a man allowed himself to be treated right royally, and to be paid twenty shillings for every victim. On the gallows he at last admitted that he had brought two hundred innocent women to the stake.—*Literary Digest*.

A TYPICAL AMERICAN BOY.

The Lawrence, Mass., *Tribune* holds up its hand in holy horror in telling the following:

It is stated that an impudent young pupil of the high school, the son of a prominent physician, narrowly escaped expulsion recently for the too free use of his tongue. The teacher, Miss K. A. O'Keefe, had been asking questions of the scholars and received satisfactory answers until this particular young man's turn came. The question put to him was: "What have Ireland and Irishmen done for the United States?"

The answer was not long in forthcoming. The boy glibly replied: "Filled our State prisons, jails, and almshouses." He was sent to Principal Goodwin. It is understood that only an apology saved him from expulsion.

If somebody will send us the name of that boy we will send him a handsome book for a present. He will be President some day.—*American Citizen*.

"We, as Protestants, stand ready to defend the Roman Catholic in his right to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, while the Pope would close the door of every Protestant church in the land if he dared," says a Protestant exchange. The Catholic Church not only claims to be the sole lessee of heaven, but also "wants the earth."

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CINCINNATI, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1892

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PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENT.

The advent of Modern Spiritualism is the crowning event of the nineteenth century. Beside of it, all the stupendous achievements in science and art sink into insignificance, for what are they all to the proven immortality of the soul? If Spiritualism be true, it is the most momentous fact in human existence. If we are not ephemeral of a day, but companions of the angels of heaven, life has a new and sublime meaning.

We know it is true, and have no other name to shade, extenuate, or tone our acceptance than that of SPIRITUALISM.

We have in the years past attempted to make a journal which should be an exponent of the views of Spiritualists, but the accidents of the surroundings have prevented the full realization of our desires. The experience thus gained has not been lost, but becomes valuable now that we are freed from the entanglements of the past, and find ourselves on the borders of a broader field of usefulness.

Our aim is to publish a distinctively spiritual journal, which shall by its courtesy, charity, and ability command the attention and respect of opponents as well as friends.

The spirit of Spiritualism is pure, divine love, and its watchword is that Charity, which is another name for Justice.

Our mission is not to wage iconoclastic warfare. We wish to present the new Light of Truth as revealed by the great thinkers of this and the spirit world, confident that as the sun in mid-heavens obliterates darkness, will this light of truth dissipate ignorance. Only where vital principles are involved do we regard politics as a fitting theme for the columns of a spiritual paper. Partisan zeal is the antipodes of spiritual thought. There are good men in all parties, as in all Churches, and conflict of individual opinions is narrow and unprofitable. The spirit of Spiritualism is above all partisan strife, selfish aggrandizement, and individual antagonism. Its condemnation is against the wrong, the sin, not the sinner.

We desire to form our constituency of subscribers into a Society of Spiritual Research, having for its main object the accurate observation and record of all facts, occult, psychic or—as we prefer—spiritual, and the interchange of ideas in the field of thought thereby opened. As the basis of our philosophy we would encourage the development and cultivation of mediumship, and the formation of circles for investigation.

The progress in the arts and sciences, as a part of the Light of the Age, falls in our province as an emanation from the spirit, and as such will receive attention in our columns. Especially do we intend to make this journal a reflection of the good deeds, the spiritual excellencies of the world, as the secular press reflects the evil deeds. On these lines we enter on the work before us, and with the assistance we are confident will be given by the hosts of friends who have stood by us in the past, and that of the spirit world, we feel assured of success. To the fraternity of the spiritual press we extend the cordial hand of greeting. There is room for all, each in appropriate sphere, and as workers having the good of the cause at heart and not personal advancement, utmost harmony should prevail. Ours is a war against ignorance; to banish its darkness and destroy its offspring, superstition, bigotry, intolerance, envy, hate, and sin, by the light of truth. Personalities, antagonisms, selfish advancement have no place or claim on the side of Spiritualism.

The liabilities and assets of The Better Way Company are assumed by the undersigned. All unexpired contracts with The Better Way will also be carried out by the LIGHT OF TRUTH. Subscriptions that are past due must be renewed before the 26th of November, otherwise the paper will be discontinued. Renewed favors solicited.

C. C. STOWELL, Publisher.

THE SPIRITUAL PRESS.

Spiritualists may well be proud of the journals which represent their cause before the tribunal of the world. No movement, Church or party, has more noble exponents.

First in order of age, in fact the oldest spiritual paper in the world, is the *Banner of Light*, which has ever been under the editorial care of the thoroughly devoted Luther Colby. Next in age is the *Religio Philosophical Journal*, which under the management of S. S. Jones and J. R. Francis gained a

circulation larger than that attained by any other similar journal. In the same city, and rapidly attaining enviable place and circulation, is the *Progressive Thinker*, under the control of the versatile and enthusiastic J. K. Francis. Issued from the same metropolis is *New Thought*, a monthly, in which Moses Hall is giving his best thoughts. *Anyone* is steadily increasing in value and public favor under the care of H. A. Buddington. On the Pacific Slope the earnest Mrs. Schlesinger is issuing the *Carrier Dove*, a monthly, which is full to the brim of able contributions from the best writers, and beautifully printed. The *Cassadagan*, published by the Free Association of Cassadaga, and organ of that camp, is a bright monthly. In England there is *Light* from whose classic sanctum the scholar, thinker, and wonderful medium recently departed to the higher life. In the same field, but after a different manner, the earnest, uncompromising James Barnes has labored and issued the *Medium and Daybreak*. The *Wisdom Universe* is a splendid monthly, edited by that veteran speaker and writer, Emma Hardinge Britten, and the *Two Worlds* edited by E. W. Wallis. The Lyceum is represented by the *Lyceum Banner*, under the management of J. J. Morse. On the other side of the globe, in far Australia, H. H. Terry publishes the *Harbinger of Light*, which for interest and carefully prepared contributions and scholarly criticism, has no superior. Of the score or more journals devoted to Spiritualism, issued in French, Italian, Spanish, and German, we may mention *Studien*, published under the munificent patronage of Count Alexander Axakof.

TENNYSON.

The great poet has passed on to a higher sphere. For more than two generations he has shone in the heavens of thought, like a full-orbed star of evening, beaming with soft radiance calmly above the strife and turmoil of earth.

He lived with and among men, but was beyond and above, and in an age of sordid ambition and selfish strife for aggrandizement, he yielded to none of its temptations, but kept on his grand course unaffected.

Are there influences of planets and spheres by which great men come in groups? Gladstone, Darwin, and Tennyson were born in the same year. They were the glory of the Victorian Age. As long as the English language endures, all these will be known, and the crown of the last will grow brighter with the ages. Not only was he a poet in thought, but in life and action. He lived a life of subtle refinement.

He furishes an illustration of the highest order of inspiration, of mediumship at its best. He shows what it means to have one's life keyed to the touch of angel fingers. Can it be otherwise accounted for how once in a century, or in two or three centuries, once in the life of a race, there arises one who is the mouthpiece of all the highest and best thoughts of his time, and with prophetic ken gathers the harvest of the future? How is it that one among millions is unlike and immeasurably beyond all his contemporaries? In a letter Tennyson describes his feelings when writing. He entered a state pre-eminently sensitive, and nearly approaching trance. His letter was written in 1874, and is copied from "Psychic Science," page 161.

"I have never had any experience with anesthetics, but a kind of waking trance (this for want of a better term) I have frequently had, quite up from boyhood, when I have been all alone. This has often come upon me through repeating my own name to myself silently, till all at once, as it were, out of the intensity of the consciousness of the individuality, the individuality itself seems to dissolve and fade away into boundless being; and this is not a composed state, but the clearest of the clearest, the surest of the surest, utterly beyond words, when death was an almost laughable impossibility, the loss of personality (if so it were) seeming no extinction but the only true life. I am ashamed of my feeble disparagement. Have I not said the state was utterly beyond words?"

He was in full accord with the freshest thoughts of the age, and in direct contact with nature. Of all the poet laureates he was the greatest, and there is no one approaching him to take the mantle of that office he has laid down. Swinburne is the only one who is great enough to even receive mention, and it is peculiar that his freedom from conventionalities and broad liberalism, calls this attention to him. So radical were his utterances, so blighting in their withering scorn of the shams of religion and customs, the publishers once refused to sell his poems. The laureate has left his crystal thoughts to purify and elevate mankind, while he has entered a life of that ethical beauty of which he dreamed and to which he strove to lead the lagging world.

JOSEPH ERNEST RENAN.

The press of the country is just now agitated in the discussion of the views of this great thinker upon the future life. The Boston *Globe*, after quoting some of his last words among which were: "Au revoir; we will see each other again in some other place. I do not know in what form, but I am sure we shall meet again." It goes on to say: "Such a testimony at such a time is interesting as showing how all men naturally cling to the hope of a continued life beyond the grave. Emerson made virtually the same confession, leaning more and more with ripening years to a belief in a perpetual personal identity. When the pleasures and pains of existence are summed up in a general average few indeed are the men who when nearing the end of this life are not possessed with a strong belief that there is in truth a life to come."

If men would bestow half as much thought upon the soul and its possibilities as they do upon the culture of hogs or the acquirement of distilleries and titles to members of Congress, there would be no call for such an editorial when any great man passes within the veil. Renan was a profound thinker. He thought himself out of Christianity just as every other man has done who has applied his power in the right direction. His contributions to the semi-total of human knowledge have been voluminous, and perhaps no philosopher of modern times has earned the unique place so freely recorded Renan by all lovers of mental liberty. He had an idea of immortality, although he was claimed by the ultra-Materialists as one of their great champions. That he had solved for himself this great problem is indicated by the quotation above.

When Spiritualism becomes an apprehension in men's minds above the quagmires in which they now behold it, all of its beauty and grandeur as a philosophy and a complete answer to the queries of the head shall be realized. When that time comes the dim and uncertain character of death will become known universally, and the grave be robbed of every terror.

IS IT TREASON?

The members of the Advisory Board who carried on the strike at Homestead are to be prosecuted for treason. So say the dispatches. It would be difficult for anybody but a plutocrat to tell how the charge can be sustained. It is something unheard of in the whole history of similar encounters between capital and labor. But the same civilized barbarism which strung up a soldier by his thumbs, and kept him there until some worthy doctors pronounced him incapable of withstanding a longer torture, will likely find a way to twist the law into shape to humiliate and imprison these men for encountering an accident which happened to make them poor while being honest.

ALEXANDER WINCHELL.

Science has met with a great loss in the death of this noble man. *Popular Science* is a highly eulogistic biographical sketch, while recording his liberal and outspoken course makes no mention of his being a Spiritualist. As such his name should be placed conspicuously on the roll of distinguished men and women who have found Spiritualism the source of greatest consolation, and by their own crucial investigation a living truth.

He was born in Southeast New York in 1824, and died in Ann Arbor, Mich., 1891. His father and mother were teachers, and his early life was spent in an atmosphere of refinement and stimulations of the ennobling qualities of his mind, and his life given that early bend, was devoted to study and instruction. He made a splendid record as an original investigator, especially in geology. Among the first to embrace the doctrine of evolution, he resigned his position in the Vanderbilt University, rather than recede or be silent, and receiving the unanimous voice of the Regents of the Michigan University, he accepted the chair of geology and paleontology.

He was among the first, if not the first, to cast aside the technical terms which conceal scientific knowledge from the masses, believing that simplicity and clearness was of more value than high sounding terms. He had a rare faculty to make clear the most abstruse subjects. He was original in expression, vivacious, suggestive, while widening the fields of scientific observation, and bringing the knowledge of the few to the comprehension of the many, he insisted that such study was vastly more advantageous and conducive to mental improvement than the study of Latin and Greek as pursued in nearly all colleges.

He was a man of exemplary life, and entirely above the sordid, selfish money-grasping spirit of the age. He was so engaged in his researches for their own sake that he had no time to make money.

FOOLISH AND DANGEROUS.

A sensation was caused at the convention of Catholic societies at the Catholic Institute on Sunday last at Newark, N. J., when the question of the carrying of flags in the coming Columbus celebration on Oct. 21st, came up. A motion had been made to allow societies to carry any national flag they desired if they precede it by an American flag. Ex-Alderman John Brudner, of Harrison, arose to his feet and said impressively: "We should have the papal flag first. We are Catholics first and Americans afterwards." An impressive silence followed the remarks and no notice was taken of it. Fifty-nine societies were represented in the convention, and it is estimated that there will be 10,000 in line in the parade and forty bands.

The impressive silence which followed was undoubtedly due to the shock given to the loyal ones among them, and of whom it is to be hoped were in the majority. The rest should go to some country where the Pope is wanted as a ruler, and where religion comes before nationality. In all civilized countries the reverse is being aimed at.

The *Buffalo Express* thinks that South American theology is behind North American, because a Roman priest has been sentenced to death for burning an Indian girl suspected of witchcraft. Although it is constantly repeated that government rests upon the divine foundation of some sacred book, yet it is illustrated by all history that the best governments are ahead of the theology of the people. Theology wrapped in superstition lingers behind, and of necessity is a conservative power. We have, under the influence of intellectual growth, advanced a full century beyond the superstition of witchcraft, yet the old intolerant spirit lingers, and were the power placed in the hands of theocratic rulers, as the God in the Constitution party are determinedly striving for, there might be a repetition of history startling in contrast with the toleration of the present.

On the second page of this issue we print an inspirational lecture from Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, the well-known and much-beloved trance medium of Chicago. The lecture is somewhat lengthy and may cause many of our readers to pass it by for that reason. But we advise them to read it if they desire to enjoy a spiritual feast, as few such lectures find their way into modern newspapers.

The *Revista*, published at Barcelona, Spain, reports the holding of a spiritual festival with an attendance of 2,500 people. Eloquent speeches were given by local talent, and great enthusiasm manifested.

[Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.]

INTERESTING MATTERS FROM BOSTON.

Berkely Hall Meetings.

The meetings of Boston Spiritual Temple were re-opened in this hall the first Sunday in October. Mrs. R. S. Lillie will occupy the platform during the months of October, December, March, and April, Willard J. Hull in November, J. Frank Baxter will speak during the month of February, and Mrs. Ada Foye during the month of May. Engagements for January to be announced hereafter.

Sunday, October 9th, Mrs. Lillie spoke upon "The Spiritual Interpretation of Sin." She said that the system of religion we were taught in the past was that we may so far violate God's law as to incur his eternal displeasure and be punished forever—nothing is farther from the truth. Sin is a violation of law, it is true, and we inherit a dual nature, so that we may sin against natural law as well as against the moral law. We have a physical body and also a soul which we sometimes call the ego or the astral body. I may say that knowledge is not finite, and all who are ignorant of the laws of nature which govern self are sinners in the highest degree. Sin then may be against the outward body, and highest of all is the law governing spirit and to obtain knowledge of these laws is the reason why we have the privilege of communing with those who have gone before. They can understand these laws and instruct us in regard to their influence upon our daily life. As violators of physical law we sin against our bodies and we should seek to know of our physical construction so that we may keep our bodies in perfect health. This human organism is a machine adapted to the use of the spirit. We shall pay the penalty of the violation of physical law just as certainly as for any sin against God's law, and no "Jesus paid it all" will avail. Nature has wonderful processes and will produce wonderful results if she is not interrupted in her work. Many of our sins are the result of an over-indulgence in the power of appetite until the pain caused thereby admonishes us that we are doing wrong. Pain, then, is the monitor that tells when we are violating this law. The oft quoted expression that "God in his infinite wisdom has seen fit to send this or that contagious disease upon us," is simple nonsense. We bring upon ourselves the cholera, if it comes to us by living uncleanly, and our boards of health are beginning to see this by their strenuous efforts to clean out our cesspools and renovate the filthy slums and pest houses which infest all our cities. Eating or drinking underlies very much the conditions of our salvation. God will never save any one. It is that principle of teaching which helps to make our lives better and purer. Religionists in the past have been urging upon us the importance of being prepared to die to avoid the consequences of sin farther on, instead of impressing upon us how to live in the present. I say then we must think what

we are and dare to follow our convictions of right regarding of what others may say.

In answer to the question, "Are our friends recognized in heaven?" Mrs. Lillie replied most emphatically yes, the recognition will be complete and perfect, every family reunited and known as we are known.

The evening session opened with another song by Miss Davis of Allston entitled "I Trace the Little Footsteps in the Snow." Several questions were presented for the guides of Mrs. Lillie to speak upon and among the following: "Will all forms of life, whether animate or inanimate, through the unerring law of evolution eventually progress upward to the same plane spiritually and intellectually?" "What becomes of the germ centre of all other living things except man?" "Does the soul of a human being begin with the body?" Mrs. Lillie said that she believed the centre germ of all life is what we denominate the soul, indestructible, and all forms of life are the outgrowth of this eternal essence. Look at a garden, where plants have the same training, yet each develops its own peculiar nature. The rose can never be a dahlia, so the vegetable kingdom will always develop its own species. The expression of our faces are changing daily according to the experiences of life, but the soul is unchanging. Every soul has a record made by the events of life and by this soul record will be judged hereafter. To answer the first question directly. I say that all forms of life will, by this evolutionary process advance to and progress all through the higher life.

"Does the soul begin with the body?" We say no, the soul was always immortal and no more had a beginning than God himself, but existed somewhere in some form of life or other. This earth is not the only inhabitable plane for the souls, there are other planets full of immortal souls like ourselves, and when our spirits escape from the environments of the body they will soar through space into infinite worlds beyond, ascending forever, visiting worlds hitherto to them unknown. Even the animal world has this undying power, the faithful dog intelligently answers the call of his master, and we say of him that "he does everything but talk." Does this intelligence which we call instinct, as a germ of life ever die? I answer no, but some of the animals are far more worthy of life than are those of the human who have degraded themselves far below the brute creation.

One more question was asked: "What shall we do as American citizens to protect our government from the dangers of Romanism?" I answer, be watchful, our American institutions must be kept free from sectarianism of any kind. If you do not desire to have the Romanists demand what they call their rights, do not yourselves insist upon the reading of Protestant Bible and prayers in our public schools. Keep them free from any religious teaching whatever.

These meetings are largely attended, and, we believe, are exerting an influence for good throughout the city. The Helping Hand Society connected with Berkely Hall Society meets every Wednesday at Gould Hall, 3 Boylston Place, where a supper is served at 6 p. m. followed by a social and intellectual entertainment, to which everybody is invited. Mrs. R. S. Lillie presides in her usual graceful manner.

HEATH.

CONGRESS AND CHRISTIANITY.

Under this caption, the Boston *Christian Register*, a Unitarian organ, gives timely warning to liberty-loving Americans, in that it says the American Unitarian Association let slip a great opportunity to put itself on record on the right side, when it took action in regard to the Sunday opening of the Columbian Exposition. Without any reference to what should be the proper decision of that question, this paper continues, the true ground would have been that Congress has no right whatever to pass special laws in favor of religion in any form. Before the law and Constitution of the United States, Jew and Gentile, Christian and Pagan, stand with equal rights. It is a wonder that no one of us thought of it at the time. It is a wonder that, when opinion was divided as to what recommendation we should make to Congress, no one was wise enough to arise and say that the whole scheme was foreign to the temper of Unitarianism and the spirit of our Government.

But the *Register* strikes hardest when it says that we have been consistent heretofore in our opposition to the attempt to legislate Christianity into the Constitution of the United States; and now unthinkingly, we fall into the trap set by the adversary of religious liberty, and go on record with the request to Congress that it shall take action in regard to the observance of the Christian Sunday. Are we mistaken when we say that the mere mention of this fact will convince all our readers that we might have taken higher ground in our May meeting? The question is likely to come up in our autumnal meetings. Let us fall back upon our record and fundamental principle, and say that all special legislation by Congress in regard to Christianity or any of its institutions, except to declare liberty of conscience to all men, is foreign to the spirit of our institutions. We see what has come of such legislation. Could anything be more pitiful than the readiness of habitual Sabbath breakers to put themselves on record, for political purposes, as being in favor of the "Christian Sabbath?"

It also thinks that the precedent is a dangerous one. Once let the question as to Christianity come before Congress; and who does not see that there is definite danger that a majority of Senators and Representatives will vote that Christianity is of the law of the land, that this is a Christian Nation and that we are bound to support by law Christian principles and to forbid unchristian practices?

If, through inadvertence, we have slipped away from our well-defended post, let us make haste to renew our vigilance. There can be no doubt that every advocate of "Christianity in the Constitution" has taken courage at his success in vindicating the honor of the "Christian Sabbath" by voting a restriction on the loan granted to the Columbian Exposition. There can be no doubt that the next step will be taken with greater confidence and more hope of success. It is equally certain that, to make our influence felt, we must not merely support the legislation that we like, and oppose that which is not of our way of thinking, but we must resist all legislation which has the slightest tendency to limit religious liberty in belief, spirit, and practice. Let us remember that it was Anna Hutchinson's fruitful maxim, "No man a delinquent on account of creed," which put the spirit and letter of religious liberty into the Massachusetts Bill of Rights and the Constitution of the Commonwealth.

DO YOU WANT ONE?

This will be answered by every lady who reads the advertisement of The Larkin Soap Mfg. Co. in the affirmative, and thousands will have one, thus making home more beautiful and cheerful. The Chautauqua Ladies' Desk is not only beautiful but convenient, affording a safe place for keeping correspondence, pen, ink, and writing material out of baby's reach, but room also for not a few choice books which are in constant demand in the room.

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The manufacturers of Sweet Home Soap are continually giving their patrons surprises, offering bargains not excelled, seldom equaled.

The Chautauqua Piano Lamp won much fame for this liberal company, but we are mistaken in our calculations if the Chautauqua Ladies' Desk does not eclipse the Lamp's fame and surpass it in number ordered.

News from Correspondents

Notes from Mrs. R. S. Lillie.

Mr. Samuel H. Lillie, father of John T. Lillie, of whose injuries and suffering mention was made in my last, passed to the higher life on Sunday evening, October 9th, at 8 o'clock. The last sentence he spoke, which could be understood, was a request to send for "Shepard" (to speak at his funeral). Accordingly, in answer to a telegram, I left early Monday morning, and arrived on Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock at his home, 324 Wallace Street, Philadelphia. The house was crowded to overflowing with sympathizing, mourning friends to pay their last tribute of respect to him. Previous to the prayer and address, knowing that some would think it strange that no minister was called, I said: "To some of you this may seem strange, but our father who has gone out of this life was not a churchman, was not a Christian in any sense other than all are as citizens of what is called a Christian nation. But he was a man, and man's inheritance is life eternal, and our father has gone out into life; this we know. We do not say he was a Spiritualist, as you know we are. But he loved his boy, he trusted us, and for that reason I am here." After a prayer the guides then prompted the address, beginning with a vision and the words: "Behold, I saw a vision of an angel standing between the heaven and the earth, and I heard a voice, saying, 'Hear ye the message of life?'"

First his life was spoken of on earth; its trials; the severe strain it brought to bear upon the nerves; the strength of will necessary in such a position of great responsibility, and in all this for forty years he had never failed in discharging his duty, being found always at his post at the proper time. For thirty years and more he had served the Pennsylvania R. Co., and no careless act of his ever lost the company a single dollar or the loss of one human life. This, we think, is a record of faithful service. A prominent official of the road said to Mr. Lillie, "Your father was a good man, he served the company well."

We make no claim now that he has gone to a state of perfect bliss or happiness, or to a heaven of inertia. We know better. But he has entered a life of activity. The nature which performed his duty faithfully here as he did, will take up some work—some active service there. The faults he had in common with mankind he will overcome—outgrow. We have no doubt, no fear for him. We shall meet again, not alone over there, but here; for already he has come to us and given the assurance that it is well. He leaves one sister and one brother, a faithful wife, two sons and two daughters. Wednesday morning by special car we bore his body to Parkersburg, Pa., and five miles distant, in the home of his boyhood, we laid it away. At the grave these lines were given me:

There is a land which lieth
Close to the borders of this
We've out through a portal
And are in that realm of bliss.

There are no guards to hinder
One soul from passing in—
It may be pure and spotless
Or howe'er stained with sin.

For God is warden of the gate,
And we are his children all,
Howe'er smooth the path we came
Or how dark the clouds that fall.

Our birthright of the "Father"
Is a spark of saving light,
Placed in every human breast
To prompt us toward the right.

It may be for a time obscured,
Or held by an unseen hand,
Till the angel death reveals it
In a fairer, better land.

Father, thou hast thy birthright,
To thee has opened life's door,
With all the "angel life" thus given
For thee we could ask no more.

Go, gather in life's great storehouse
Tay treasures of wealth of mind,
And come thou back from Deity's kingdom
And tell what thy soul doth find.

For we shall be lonely often
At night when this world grows still;
Come thou out of the silence
To us, as we know you will.

May they who have thee in keeping,
Watch over thee waiting here,
Till we clasp thy hand o'er yonder
In a brighter, better sphere.

My mind and body have passed through so much since the events transpiring last Sunday that it would be almost impossible to take them up and go on with the discourse with any degree of accuracy. So I know you as manager and editor of the LIGHT OF TRUTH, as well as its readers will not expect a lengthy account of the work in Boston.

The Berkeley Hall meetings were largely attended. There is an encouraging degree of interest manifested thus early in the season. We learn this to be the case in the various places where meetings are being held. In the absence of Mr. Lillie Miss Davis furnished music in a very acceptable manner.

Our Helping Hand of the Boston Spiritual Temple, we are informed, had a large gathering and were especially favored in having a gentleman—a teacher from one of the schools of oratory—who gave eloquent selections of the highest order. The reader bore the honored name of Parker and also the distinction of being a descendant of Theodore Parker, which would be sufficient to guarantee a warm welcome on the part of our people, as many of them, in days past, were among the regular attendants upon the utterances of that great and good man. But as this gentleman brings rare talent of his own, it is to be hoped that he enjoyed his call so well that we may have his presence and aid at another time. I hope to have opportunities to give you more notes the coming week of the cause and its progress here than has been possible this time.

Cleveland, O.

At the second lecture in Gould's independent course a good-sized audience was present in spite of the inclement weather. That Manager Gould has succeeded in his efforts to place this platform on a par socially and every other way with any other rostrum here is evidenced by the good attendance, and also by the manifest fairness of the reports in the daily papers. To illustrate the latter we clip the following from Monday's Plain Dealer:

"Mr. J. Frank Baxter, the well-known lecturer on Spiritualism, lectured before a good-sized audience in Army and Navy Hall last evening. His lecture did not touch any branch of Spiritualism, though all the succeeding ones will, but was directed toward the proposition that the spirit of the age is widening, and the genius of evolution is a fact more and more manifest. After fully illustrating that occasion calls for men, and that the conscience of men which will not be disregarded is at present perturbed, he spoke very broadly and sensibly of the labor question, saying among other things: That organization of labor is right can not be denied so far as it looks to closer fellowship between laboring men, so far as it tends to properly increase wages and shorter hours when hours are too long and wages too low; so far as it seeks to demand and enforce higher wages when wages are unreasonably low. But when it seeks to dictate in matters properly the subject of discretion on the part of the employer it sometimes goes too far. Strikes are wrong, and strikers at heart know it. Strikes are wrong. Sometimes circumstances force them, and that palliates them. Men individually do rash things, but organizations should always act calmly. I think that the spirit of the age tends more toward the peaceful adjustment of difficulties. There is a greater inclination to be more careful, to resort to strikes as seldom as possible, and only as a last resort, to arbitrate often. The labor problem should teach three things: the right of the employer, the right of the employee, and the duty of the government. The employer has the same right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness that has the employee, and vice versa. He has the right to employ a man without reference to whether or not he belongs to the union. The employee has a right to organize and to induce anyone he can by peaceful methods to join the organization, but he has no right for any reason to prevent a man from exercising his constitutional right to work. The government's duty is not to oppress labor, but, on the contrary, to promptly put down anything like anarchy. The capitalist has no right to import armed Pinkertons into their plants as did the Carnegies; it should be the government's business to protect property from violence. Governor Pattison should be severely blamed for his tardiness, but on the other hand Carnegie had no business to hire armed Pinkertons to shoot down his men. [Applause.] Three things jointly will probably solve the labor problem: combination, arbitration, co-operation."

"Mr. Baxter also dwelt to some extent on English politics in an interesting way in the course of his lecture, contrasting the liberal policy of England's premier in advocating home rule for Ireland with Great Britain's narrow policy with this country in the time of the revolution. After the lecture there was a seance in which Mr. Baxter recognized Mrs. Josephine M. Ammon, Mrs. J. W. Willard,

Henry Hoehn, Captain Hoehn's son, who was drowned, and many other well-known Cleveland people. He will speak next Sunday night on the "Practical value of Spiritualism." The Cleveland Leader also gave the following report: "Army and Navy Hall was well filled last night on the occasion of the lecture and spiritualistic seance of J. Frank Baxter. It was the second in the course of independent lectures on Spiritualism. Mr. Baxter's lecture was upon 'The Awakening of the Conscience of the people to some of the Great Problems of the day and the Lessons Taught by the Events of History.' He spoke of Martin Luther and John Brown as patriots, who were greatly in advance of their respective ages, and who were popularly considered as fanatics at the time of the acts which made them historical. He declared that the labor troubles of the present time indicated an awakening of the people upon political questions, and said that the present disturbances, notably the recent ones at Homestead, would tend to settle three great questions. These were the rights of the employer, the rights of the employee, and the duties of the government regarding aliens and anarchy. He said the troubles at Homestead showed conclusively that a citizen should not associate himself with Pinkertons or paid troops, and that the government should be held responsible for the carnage caused by the importation of Pinkertons at Homestead. He also declared that Mr. Carnegie should be held responsible for bringing them there. There were three methods of doing away with every such difficulty, it said. They were by combination, by arbitration, and by co-operation. The lecture was said, by the lecturer, to be foreign to the subject of Spiritualism, it being introduced in the course because of its timely bearing."

Fraternally, SELIM.
Baltimore, Md.

W. J. Colville commenced his series of lectures under the auspices of the Religious Philosophical Society, on Sunday, October 24. I could not send you a report of that first Sunday's doings in time for last week's issue, so I will now try to give a retrospective review of that able speaker's grand work.

Mr. Colville opened the Sunday morning exercises by a soul-stirring invocation, which I should have been glad some of our orthodox ministers had listened to. The topic of the lecture was then chosen by the audience. It was: "Are prayers heard, and if so, how can they be answered?" This subject was handled in a masterly manner, the speaker defining the old time idea of prayer—to propitiate God; to pay him reverence; to obtain special favors. Hence the early custom of sacrifice offerings. A lesson may be learned from these, behind the material art there is the spiritual intent. The Hebrews were first commanded to slaughter oxen, because of the Egyptians' adoration of the god Apis. The practice continued, and the holocausts became customary. Prayer is good; but we should not pray for personal favors, for material gifts. We can not expect that God's laws, shall be changed or suspended for our special benefit. But we may pray for the spiritual boon of understanding these laws, so as to live in accordance with them. Asceticism should not be advocated. A well ordered life tending to our spiritual development is what we should seek—a busy life, for he who works prays, and all we do should do for the glory of God. Some will say, what can we do for God, if there is a God? What can we do to add to his glory? Live up to his laws; they were made for the welfare of man. Live up to them and you fulfill the object for which they were made, and glorify their maker—There is a class of people who depend on God for all; another class of free-thinkers say "why thank God? The prosperity man enjoys is due to his industry—all is due to man." Mr. Colville demonstrated the fallacy of both these ideas, by taking a farmer's crop as a fit illustration. The farmer has worked hard; he has made a fine crop. If he had not given it the required care, but depended on God to cultivate his field, he would have had no crop to boast of. On the other hand, he did not make the rain, the sunshine, the dew, any more than he made the earth—all things indispensable to the growing of his crop.

Prayer is aspirational, expectation, invocation, and when we pray, reaching out to ask the spirit help, let us say "help me to unfold what is in me," not "make me something else than I am." When we acknowledge God we acknowledge a power that does what we can not, but would be willing to do. I lack space to do full justice to the sound arguments and felicitous illustrations used by the lecturer, nor can I do more than mention the beautiful extempore poem in which "Mother, Love and Home," "Flowers and Emblems," and "The Then and the Now," were woven.

On Sunday evening the subjects given were: "Can you prove the existence of the Soul?" "What is the psychic effect of a cause?" "What is the best means of making societies useful to the cause?" and "The beauties of Spiritualism." All of which were admirably treated.

The great effort, however, enjoyed not only by Spiritualists, but by all people of literary taste and culture, was Mr. Colville's lecture on the life of Mr. John Greenleaf Whittier, and the lessons that may be drawn from his life, delivered on Friday evening, as per announcement. It commanded the wrapt attention of a large and appreciative audience during two hours, and many are the expressions of admiration I have heard since from people who had come from mere curiosity, and who went away having had an intellectual treat to be long remembered. Mr. Colville is to lecture the following three Fridays on the other popular poets: Bryant, Lowell, and Longfellow. These lectures should be published in *extenso*.

On last Sunday, morning and evening, Mr. Colville spoke on subjects given by the audience, closing, as usual, with an impromptu poem; also on given subjects. The more our people hear him the more they are pleased with the wonderful versatility of his powers which he possesses, without pause or interruption from one theme to another entirely opposite, treating each with logical accumen as well as eloquence of a high order.

Buffalo, N. Y.

We are developing around our nucleus that which, in time, will rally the finest congregation of this city to our spiritual standard. Our ladies have organized the Ladies' Progressive Union (incorporated) and have secured the lot, corner of Prospect Ave. and Jersey St., and are in a fair way to pay for same; while the First Society of Spiritualists (also incorporated) have inaugurated a system of membership that is gradually building up quite a fund. The two societies cherish a hope of building the temple, "all" our own.

We want all believers with us, to foster the joy of anticipating in the good time to come, when, by owning our building, we will take our proper rank as a flourishing society, and with our banner floating in the breeze of pride in our faith, be the organized power for good we have the privilege to be.

Please realize! that if all who know of the truth of Spiritualism in Buffalo be brought together we will be "the congregation" of the city numerically, intellectually, and financially. Send in your name for membership. Share the occasional privilege of taking part in our business meetings (occurring Friday evenings, fortnightly), and valuing our marvelous resources, let us work together to settle the society on a final substantial basis on the best plan. Accord us your voice and influence.

The speakers are: For October and November, Mrs. A. M. Glading; December, 1892, and January, 1893, Mr. Thomas Grimshaw; February, Mrs. H. S. Lake, March, Mr. Oscar A. Edgally.

Meetings occur at A. O. U. W. Hall, corner Main and Court Streets, Sunday, at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. sharp. All visitors welcome.

St. Paul, Minn.

The St. Paul Spiritualists were Oct. 9th treated to two very eloquent discourses through that wonderfully inspired teacher of the truth, Oscar A. Edgally. The subjects were given by the audience, and treated by the guides in their usual able manner. At the close of the lectures the audience was treated to wonderful exhibitions of independent state-writing, through the mediumship of C. E. Winans. Several messages were given in rapid succession, all of which were acknowledged, either publicly in the meeting, or immediately afterwards.

We hope to have independent state-writing each Sunday during the stay of Mr. Winans in St. Paul. Mr. Winans needs no introduction to the people of St. Paul or Minneapolis, nor, in fact to the West, as a materializing medium of the highest type. He spent a great part of last winter with us in St. Paul, giving a number of seances, at several of which, three, four, and five spirits would materialize at the same time. His seances are given under strict test conditions; doors sealed, the medium sewed to the chair, his hands filled with oat meal, and several times his feet placed in a pan of flour. Your correspondent was present at one held at the residence of our worthy brother, John Sauer, where a caly lily, which, with other plants, lay on a table outside the seance-rooms, was presented by a dear spirit friend to your correspondent's wife, and was afterward given to a lady residing at White Bear Lake, and undoubtedly remains in her possession until this day. This manifestation showed the ability to pass matter through matter, and can be vouched for by several well-known residents, who were present. More anon. R. U. D. E.

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It makes food nourishing, work pleasant, sleep refreshing, and life enjoyable. It searches out all impurities in the system and expels them harmlessly by the natural channels. AYER'S Sarsaparilla gives elasticity to the step, and imparts to the aged and infirm, renewed health, strength, and vitality.

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The Ether Ray apparatus was awarded the gold medal at the "Ausstellung fuer Volkswirtschaftliche Gesundheits- und Krankenpflege," Popular Hygiene Exhibition held at Halle, a S. Germany, August 21-25, 1891. The awarding judges of the Exposition, the "Ausstellung fuer Volkswirtschaftliche Gesundheits- und Krankenpflege," Popular Hygiene Exhibition held at Halle, a S. Germany, August 21-25, 1891, have awarded our Ether Ray Apparatus the Gold Medal. Numerous experiments and our own observation have convinced us of the fact that your Ether Ray apparatus conveys strength and energy to the human system, which can be used either as a healing remedy or invigorator.

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A SISTER-IN-LAW

OF THE PORT SISTERS, PHOEBE AND ALICE CARY, SENDS US THE FOLLOWING LETTER:

MOUNT AUSTIN, Hamilton Co., O.

September 4th, 1892.

Dear Sirs—Please send one of your trial bottles of Asthma to Mrs. E. J. Dempster, No. 6 Albert Place, Sterling, Scotland. By so doing you will greatly oblige one that has proved all that you claim for your ASTHMALENE. I feel that I can in no better way thank you, or appreciate the medicine, than by telling my friends and the world, the very great benefit I have received by taking three bottles of your AsthmaleNE. I have been a sufferer from Periodical Asthma all my life. Have tried a great many remedies with only temporary relief, until I tried your AsthmaleNE. I have the third bottle in the house and have not had one bad spell since taking the first trial bottle.

I had lost faith, and thought there was no help for me. One day I saw in a San Francisco paper your claim to cure Asthma, I thought at the time it was a bold claim, and would be like all the rest of the remedies I had tried, but I wrote you for a trial bottle, and I am only too thankful that I got it. In August I usually have Hay Fever, or Hay Asthma. Last year I was sick for five weeks with it, I tried all the remedies I had heretofore, with no relief, cared in my physician, but all of no avail until the spell was spent. I dreaded the advent of August of this year, and at the first I commenced with difficult breathing, I took three doses of ASTHMALENE, and have had no further trouble. I feel that I am cured of that terrible disease. My husband is a brother of the poet-sisters, Alice and Phoebe Cary, feeling under everlasting obligations to you, I remain, Truly Yours, Mrs. ASA CARY.

The above remarkable letter was sent to Dr. Taft Bros. Medicine Co., Rochester, N. Y., who will do as they promise in small card at the bottom of this paragraph. Thousands of sufferers from Asthma and Bronchitis will be glad to read this unquestionable testimony. While it is true AsthmaleNE is for sale by druggists, Dr. Taft knows that multitudes have been humbugged and swindled, hence asks no one to buy except on personal experience which he will give free of charge as he offers in the following little card:

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Questions and Answers.

CONDUCTED BY THE EDITOR OF THE LIGHT OF TRUTH.

Questions will be received upon these conditions:—They must be pertinent to Spiritualism. 2. Must contain one inquiry only. 3. All questions must be clearly stated. 4. The name of the questioner must be attached. 5. All questions must be sent to the office of the Light of Truth, and will be forwarded to the Editor of Mrs. R. Shepard Little.

Ques. 59.—Has that great all-pervading force in nature, known as electricity, a spirit force, and is it used in your realm in a greater variety of methods than upon earth?

Ans.—When Edison and others, working in this line, combine certain materials, they thereby produce electricity. It is therefore the result of a combination of material elements.

It generates on earth and in air so abundantly by a variety of processes that it is looked upon as an element of nature, when really it is an effect produced by combined elements. Whenever and wherever nature manufactures it in sufficient quantities, by the law of attraction, it accumulates until it becomes such a force that it breaks the restraint of all lesser forces and becomes a law unto itself, as in the thunder storm and the waves or currents which course around the earth. It is then looked upon as a natural element as is water, air, etc. Spirit is subtler, finer, and even more powerful. Electricity would be a crude material element compared to spirit, and spirits are not limited to a condition which need to make what you call electricity, of any service to them. For spirit to put electricity into use in purely spiritual spheres would be like a person here who has the advantages of steam and electricity as a means of locomotion, to make use of an old-time ox-cart and yoke of oxen.

Spirits have knowledge of electricity and study its uses that they may assist mankind. Many of the inventions—and we might safely say all—are first known by the dwellers in spirit life. But it is not necessary to make use of it in spirit life for locomotion, for lighting purposes, or for any other purposes to which it is applied upon the earthly plane. For spirit is mightier, and the light of that land, which is the inheritance of the soul after death which needs not the light of the sun or of the moon, certainly does not need electricity. And when the powers of spirit are ours, space becomes as naught, and with the swiftness of thought we desire to visit a place or friend and almost instantly we are with them, then we do not need it for means of locomotion. Spirit, the power of creation! The God of the universe! The light of all lights—this is that which illuminates the land of souls!

Ques. 60.—What is the cause of the peculiar chilly sensation often felt by sensitives?

Ans.—This effect is produced by what we term a battery on our side of life. If you touch the poles of a battery of earth, a thrill or sensation passes over the body. It is the same whether the battery is composed of visible (to you) substances or the invisible ones made use of by spirits—whether these are drawn from one source or another it is similar in its effects. In the one case you take hold of the battery consciously. In the other case the application is made by a spirit, and you are not aware of it until the chill, of which you speak of, is felt. It is generally given by a spirit simply as a signal of their presence, especially if the sensitive discerns it when alone.

In a circle it is a natural effect of the power or force which is being made use of by spirits.

Ques. 61.—Why do honest sitters, seeking messages from the invisibles, receive false answers to their questions, and why are false names given, or spirits claim to be our fathers, mothers, or relations when they are not?

Ans.—There are many reasons that might be given. First, in opening a door to any spirits, you open one to all spirits. Not alone to your spirit friends, but to any spirit who may be attracted by your attempt at communication. And until the way thus opened is put under the control of a wise band of spirits, who can hold it as an open door, made use of only by their permission, the experimenter in mediumship will suffer more or less annoyance as the inquirer probably has.

And when this is done as far as possible, even then all mediums receive messages and communications, or are liable to at all times, that prove to be incorrect. Thought is a subtle thing. It may reach the sensitive from a long distance, or the prompter may be immediately by your side. Spirits wishing to communicate are crowding in on all sides, and there is no lack of those who are insincere and mischievous. To these life has no particular significance and who are not very respectful of the feelings of others.

Ignorance on the part of sitters how to meet these is one of the greatest obstacles in the way of success. As a rule people go into a circle or sit down with too little realization of the act and its importance. While a long-drawn countenance or solemn air are not required or even desirable, yet as spirits of all grades and classes hover around us, and many come to us, it is best to ask mentally or orally the presence of good spirits to guide your circle and assist in opening the way between the two worlds.

A good way to do this is to sit first a few moments in silence, each one in the circle mentally invoking or making a mental request or prayer, for all spirits to assist you in your efforts to obtain truth and to protect you from the influence of any who would seek to trifle. Some scoff at the idea of prayer. Prayer is the soul's sincere desire, and if we would approach the spirit world it should be in a sincere spirit. After this silent aspiration, join in singing some pleasant song. And if approaching the spirit in this mood a few times and finding false communications we would advise dropping it altogether—at least for a time, for there is generally something wrong. Sometimes one or the other of the sitters is physically unfitted to sit in a circle or to open the way for communion, and the spirits as guardians seeing this, and as they can not overcome the difficulty, at least for the present, do not attempt to build around you the wall of protection which they would if they thought best to develop the gift. They know, of course, that if this is not done, you will meet with discouragement, and that for a time you will persist, but in time will drop it, and this they sometime see is best. Not all are so organized or so constituted that it is best to become mediums. The conditions just described is only an occasional case. But as we said in the beginning, there are many causes. Sometimes the introduction of a new element into the little home circle will change the conditions which proved an open way to a deceiving, untruthful spirit. Invite a friend or two in whom you have confidence, who are interested in the subject or willing to assist, to join with you in your circle with the same spirit of earnestness as yourselves; and all conditions may in this way be changed. But in all phases of mediumship and always we must be discerners of spirits and must not take for granted a thing is so because a spirit says so. In a little while, if carefully observing the character of the communications, the style and manner of communicating spirits, you will soon discern the spirit and be able to say with positive assurance whether it is your spirit friend or some one assuming to be. They can give you tokens no other can give. A personating, mischievous spirit may act a part for a while, but cannot carry it out entirely if you observe carefully.

There are spirits in the spirit world who don't care for themselves or for anyone else, just as there are on this side, and who will trifle with the feelings of others and seem to enjoy it as a joke. But this need not surprise or frighten anyone; it has been the case in all ages. Jesus had it to contend

with, found it assuming forms of disease, etc.; recognized it for just what it was; helped the spirits when he could, and when he could not he bade the spirit depart from him. We must or you must at such a point control the matter yourself, bring it into the light of reason. Those results always go to show that there is something wrong. Find out by yourself or through some one else what the wrong is. Correct if possible. If not, certainly your reason would tell you not to continue experimenting, for there is nothing to be gained by keeping up a communion when falsehoods and deception are practiced.

Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

Lines Inscribed to Edward S. Dann.

LATE OF BUFFALO, N. Y.

Poor troubled spirit, wracked and sore
By care disease and wrong
Poor wanderer on the Stygian shore
Whose shadows round thee throng
We bid thee hope we send thee cheer
Look up! The shades shall disappear
And time and effort yet shall bear
A crown for thee all pure and fair

We know how tangled death thy feet
The thickets lie on every side—
How weary the darkness incomplete
They weary soul doth long to hide
But this the fruit of sin so dear
Shall make the thorny way more clear.
Till by and by the sunshine true
Beyond the clouds shall glimmer through.

No Christ for thee can bear the woe,
Or put the bitter cup aside.
Thou'rt reared the cross—then on it know
That thou alone are crucified.
Alone the sin was wrought by thee.
Alone shall thy salvation be.
Till thou through suffering redeemed
Art made in truth what long thou seemed.

Poor spirit, we would send thee aid
In blessed human sympathy.
Walk on beneath the tangled glade—
The darkness leads to liberty.
And thou shalt reap pure angel hands
That reach to thee from higher lands.
Till in the future's golden ray
Thou standest forth as pure as they.

—EMMA TRAIN.

LITERARY REVIEW.

The *Arena* for October fills sustains its reputation as a leader in advanced thought and criticism, a fearless opponent of social wrongs and an able advocate of reform and progress.

The current number is excellent. Its frontispiece is a good likeness of E. H. Sothern, an actor of great power and merit, largely inherited from his father, with a sketch of his life, finely illustrated, by Mildred Aldrich; the Rev. Thomas P. Hughes, D.D., reviews the paper of Ibn Ishak in last month's *Arena* on "The future of Islam"; the Hon. Thomas E. Watson, M. C., discusses "The Negro Question in the South." Edwin Reed continues his "Brief for the Plaintiff," on literary criticism; Hon. Marriott Brosius, M. C., treats of the numerical character of the popular branch of Congress; and other able papers are contributed by Sylvester Baxter, P. Cameron, B. C. Lee, Edgar Lee, Rev. E. E. Bartlett, and A. P. Dunlap.

A "Symposium on Woman's Dress" contains articles by Lady Habberton, Octavia W. Bates, Grace Greenwood, and E. M. King, the editor closing the whole with a characteristic article, entitled "The Next Step Forward for Women," which is illustrated. There are the usual book notices, the whole forming a very interesting number. Boston, *Arena* Publishing Company, subscription \$5 per annum.

The *American Journal of Politics*, Andrew J. Palm, editor, for October has for contributors Rev. J. D. Sands on "The Basis of Wages"; Theodore S. Woolsey on "Our Foreign Relations"; S. Gross Horwitz on "Trade and the Tariff"; Theodore Cox "How to Rebuild our Merchant Marine"; Albert Stickney on "Party Rule in the United States"; Lawrence Irwell on "A British View of the Tariff Question"; F. B. Delver on "The College Man in Politics"; ex-Governor John P. St. John on "The Great Issue"; W. T. Galbraith on "The non-Protectionist Idea"; and G. W. Weippiert on "Practical Labor Reform." The editor discusses a variety of living topics and practical issues of the day, the whole forming an able menu, for intelligent men and women who read and think on vital questions of the times." New York, 114 Nassau Street, subscription \$4 per annum.

The *Reason Why*, or Spiritual Experiences of Mrs. Julia Crafts Smith, physician, assisted by her Spirit Guides. Boston, pp. 181. "This volume has lost none of its interest, because it has been a decade before the public. Its record of life, under the influence of the incarnate, its testimony to the clear-seeing, diagnosing of disease, and the skillful curative prescriptions, with resultant health to patients, appeals to all candid minds in favor of the truth of the spiritual philosophy. We thank the author for an evening's pleasure, interest, instruction, and profit, and so will those who read the volume.

The *Sower* has made its reappearance under the editorial management of Mrs. James A. Bliss, with Mrs. Jane D. Churchill as associate editor. It is published at 1904 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Brother J. J. Morse's neat little monthly, the *Lyceum Banner*, is published regularly at 36 Monmouth Road, Bayswater, London, W., England, and costs but 40 cents a year. Every lyceum teacher should subscribe.

SPIRIT SIFTINGS.

THE REASON WHY.

Smith (astonished): Why, doctor! What made you move? You had such a large practice out there, and—
Doctor (disconsolately interrupting): Yes; but—they all died.—Judge.

ROBERT DOWNING THE GLADIATOR.

Our friend, Smithers, was walking along the street the other day with his friend Steiner, when the former happened to catch sight of the posters announcing "Robert Downing, The Gladiator."

"What he doing?" asked Smithers.
"Why, don't you see," replied Steiner, "that's Robert Downing the gladiator."

It is perhaps unnecessary to add that Steiner is now at rest in Woodland Cemetery.

Two persons—one massive in build, and the other diminutive, were out in a boat in a storm. Prayer was proposed, but the skipper sung out, "The little 'un may pray, but the big 'un will have to pull."

A KIND HEART.

"I do not like to listen to scandal," said Mrs. Fair after Mrs. Gadder finished her story about Mrs. Britely.
"Why did you let me tell it then," asked Mrs. Gadder.
"Well, after you got started, I hated to interrupt your enjoyment."—N. J. Press.

THE VERY LATEST.

Howson Lott: I won't be home to dinner to-day, my dear. Oldpop has invited a dozen of us to a discharging bee at his house to-night.

Mrs. Lott: Discharging bee? What's that?
Howson Lott: He wants to tell his servant girl that she's got to leave.—Argonaut.

SPIRITUAL BOOKS.

THE LIGHT OF TRUTH.

ROOM 7, 206 RACE ST., CINCINNATI, OHIO.

The following list contains most of the best works on the philosophy and science of spiritualism and kindred subjects, which are kept in stock at this office. Remit by postoffice money order, registered letter, or draft on Cincinnati of New York. Do not send drafts on local banks. Send all orders and make all remittances payable to C. C. STOWELL, Room 7, 206 Race Street, Cincinnati.

The Content of the Sacred Heart, by Hudson Tuttle. This book was written for an object and has been pronounced equal in its exposure of the diabolical methods of the "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It should be read by every man, woman, and child who love their country, their religion and their God. Price in paper, 25 cents. For sale, wholesale and retail, by C. C. Stowell, of Hudson Tuttle, Berlin Heights, O.

Life in Two Spheres, by Hudson Tuttle. In this story the secrets are laid on earth and in the purpose of presenting the spiritual philosophy and the real life of spiritual beings. All the questions which arise on that subject are answered. The spiritualist will be delighted in the investigator will find it invaluable, and the Church member gain a full and perfect idea of the teachings of the laws of the world, as taught by C. C. Stowell, of Hudson Tuttle, Berlin Heights, O.

Studies in the Outlying Fields of Modern Science, by Hudson Tuttle. This book contains essays to utilize and explain the vast array of facts in its field of research, which hitherto have had no apparent connection, by referring them to a common cause and from them arise to the laws and conditions of the spiritual being. It is printed on fine paper, handsomely bound, 125 pages. Sent, postpaid, \$1.25.

Religion of Man and Ethics of Science, by Hudson Tuttle. Not servile trust to the Gods, but knowledge of the laws of the world, and in the divinity of man and his eternal progress toward perfection is the foundation of this book. 32 pages, finely bound in muslin, sent, postpaid, \$1.00.

What is Spiritualism? Rules for the Formation of Circles and Cultivation of Mediumship, the Names of Eminent Persons who have Accepted Spiritualism, Their Testimony, and a List of the Best Books on the Subject, by Hudson Tuttle and Dr. John W. Wynn. A tract for missionary work. An eight-page tract, designed to give a clear and comprehensive view of spiritualism and the character of its supporters. Single copies, 10 cents. 7 copies, 60 cents. 10 copies, \$1.00. Copies, 10 cents. Address: C. C. Stowell, Cincinnati, O., or Hudson Tuttle, Berlin Heights, O.

From Soul to Soul, by Emma Rood Tuttle. This volume contains the best poems of our age, and some of the most popular songs with the music by eminent composers. The poems are admirably adapted for recitations. 225 pages, beautifully bound. Price, \$1.50.

What is Spiritualism? A Spiritualist's View, by N. C. Maynard. The most recent and complete modern times. 12 mo., cloth and gold, 16 illustrations. Price \$1.50.

Antiquity Unveiled. Ancient voices of spirit realms disclosing most startling revelations, including records of the heathen origin, legends, prophecies and conclusions by the late J. M. Roberts, former editor of *Mind and Matter*. Price \$1.50, postage 12 cents.

Guidelines from the Rostrom, by Hon. A. B. French. An excellent and instructive sketch of the author by Hudson Tuttle. William E. Schenck, Legends of the Buddha; Mohammed; Joseph Smith; Conflicts of Life; Power and Permanence of the Unknown; Future Life; Anniversary Address; Ecstasies of our Age; What is Truth? Decoration Address. 300 pages, cloth and gold binding. Price \$1.00, postage 10 cents.

A Little Pilgrim, by Mrs. Oliphant. A pretty story, full of spiritual thought and food for the investigators. A good book to introduce to those seeking spiritual light and comfort. Pocket Edition, price 15 cents.

A Romance of Two Worlds, by Marie Corelli. Author of "Wormwood," "Thelma," etc. No. 8 of the Delmore Series. Price 50 cents, postage 5 cents.

The Occult Forces of Sex, by Lois Waisbrocker. Three pamphlets in one binding, entitled: "From Generation to Regeneration," "The Sex Question and the Money-Power," "The Life of Life between Two Thieves." Price 50 cents.

Helen Harlow's Von, or Self-Justice, by Lois Waisbrocker. This book is based upon principles which will redeem men and women from the thrall of social despotism and wage slavery. It should be found in every home, and its teachings promulgated by every patriot. Good paper, well bound, good likeness of author, illustrated. Price \$1.50.

Spiritual Songs, (hymn sheets, words only). Containing 100 of the popular hymns for religious gatherings. Among them, "Happy Greeting," "Beautiful River," "Rejoice and be Glad," "Sweet Bye-and-bye," "We'll Meet beyond the River," "Nearer, my God, to Thee," etc. 8 pages. Price \$1.00, postage 25 cents.

Life beyond the grave, or, Positive proof of immortality, by Dr. Wilson Nicely. A 32-page pamphlet of phenomenal nicety. Price 15 cents, postage free.

Poems, by Edith Willis-Linn, the inspired and gifted daughter of Dr. F. L. H. Willis. This volume contains excellent spiritual poems, is highly praised by critics and the press, and appreciated by all readers. 16mo, cloth, 167 pages, with portrait of author. Price \$1.00.

Religion as Revealed by the Material and Spiritual Universe, by Dr. Edwin D. Abbott, author of "Principles of Light and Color." Price \$1.25, postage 10 cents.

Spiritual Songs, by Mattie E. Hull. For the use of Circles, Campmeetings, and other Spiritual Gatherings. Price 10 cents.

Psychic Studies. "Know Thyself," Spiritual Science, and the "Higher Aspects of Spiritism," by Albert Morton. This book contains: Biography and lecture by Alred Russell Wallace; Advice to mediums; Conservation of health and life-forces; Education in physiology; Magnetic healing; Psychometry; Spirit phenomena, and many other essays on similar subjects. Price \$1.25, postage 10 cents.

The Religious Conflict of the Ages, and other addresses, by the guides of Mrs. K. Shepard Little. This little book contains eleven stirring discourses, and answers to questions on a closing chapter. Handsomely bound in cloth (tan and gold); 143 pages. Price 75 cents.

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